

P O E M S
on : O N *Children*
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By MYLES COOPER, M.A.
OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

— SPES EST ANIMI NOSTRA TIMORE MINOR.

OVID.



O X F O R D,
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M. DCC. LXI.

P. O. F. M. S.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY THE COOPER

OF THE

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M. O. C.

P R E F A C E.

IT is an old saying, *that misfortunes seldom come single*. Whether this observation is true in general, the writer of the following sheets cannot take upon him to determine: One thing he is convinced of by woful experience, that in the present case he has had a multiplicity of evils to encounter: Not all of them indeed at the same instant of time, though in a very close succession; so that his hands were scarce clear of one, before he was attacked by another. Hardly had an irresistible itch of versifying left him his own master, ere an unaccountable desire seized him, of appearing in the capacity of an author. Accordingly, not being able to withstand the motion, he begun with all assiduity to collect and revise the scattered and careless pieces, which had been his juvenile amusements. This itself was a task of no small difficulty, and after all could not be perfectly executed. But when he had got together as many of those little essays as he was able, the most critical point was to select from the heap such as seemed worthiest the

acceptance of the public. Here he is afraid the undertaking was superiour to his abilities. But he is sensible that it is now too late to complain: The die is cast, and he must abide by the sentence to be pronounced upon the collection as it now makes its appearance; and he hopes that his judges will be merciful: For as there are no more copies printed, than what his friends have subscribed for, they seem the only persons qualified either to commend or censure.

BUT he has already deviated from his original purpose; which was to recount the hardships he has undergone in the course of this publication. Some he has mentioned; and that he may not weary the reader's patience, he will omit a multitude, and hasten to the last in the dismal catalogue. 'Twas this; when he had got all his poetical children (which truly were pretty numerous) decently habited, and, as he thought, qualified to make a tolerable appearance; and had felicitated himself in having so notably discharged his duty towards his beloved offspring: — Behold! he is informed by a gentleman well skilled in affairs of this nature, that they are no more fit to make their way in life, without the kind protection of a preface, than *Master Bobby,*

P R E F A C E.

v

Bobby, when he first gets on horseback, is capable of keeping his seat, without the assistance of the groom, and the directions of his grandmother.

THIS striking observation immediately shewed him the necessity of an introduction ; and obliged him once more to resume his pen, after he had given it, as he imagined, a final dismissal. And now is he considering what will be the consequence of this unexpected and unintended business. The prospect is clouded ; the dilemma is deplorable. Should he suffer the volume to go into the world without any apology (for he fancies that is meant by a preface) for introducing itself into so much strange company, he is sensible how greatly he should be accused of so notorious an offence against good manners : and if he should attempt to be polite, and not acquit himself pretty handsomely, he must lay open his awkwardness to an additional censure ; as not only the object of his apology, but the apology itself, will be exposed to ridicule. Thus is he completely surrounded with impending dangers ; and the more he reflects upon his critical situation, his difficulties appear the more alarming : In short, he is circumstanced much like a hare caught in a wire, which, by struggling to get loose, only

draws the noose about her neck so much the tighter. Self-preservation therefore obliges him to make a virtue of necessity, while he endeavours (without any attempt to slip his neck out of the halter) to give the best excuse in his power, for the rude appearance of the following trifles; and to entreat the public's indulgence for the lightness of some of them, and the inaccuracy of others.

THE first of these faults (as he believes nothing will be found profane or immoral) may perhaps be excused, at least by the younger part of his readers, from the consideration of years: for he can with truth aver, that the following pages were not only written, but almost all printed off, before he saw the age of twenty-four: and how long before that time, many of the pieces must necessarily have been begun, it will be easy to imagine. This, he should hope, would have some weight also with those, who have had longer experience, and greater opportunities of forming their taste, and correcting their judgment: for he doubts not but all of them, who have dealt in composition (and perhaps there are few that do not some time or other make the experiment) will find upon reflection, how ill-qualified they were

were, in their younger attempts, to write any thing equal to their more mature productions, either in strength of thought, correctness of style, or elegance of expression. Not that he would have the world imagine that he looks upon every one of these essays as defective in all those material points ; — he is thoroughly persuaded of the contrary : and so far is he from making the charge universal, that he thinks some of them are almost irreprehensible. But whence you will say, proceeds this confidence, after he has just been expressing himself with so much humility ? The case is this : Such of the following compositions as he thinks are able to stand the test of criticism, are (what he thus acknowledges) not his own, but the production chiefly of two of his ingenious friends. Their contributions are indeed but few ; he wishes, for the sake of his readers, that they had been more numerous. Who those gentlemen are, he is not at liberty to mention. However, he is well satisfied that the superiority of their performances will be easily distinguished.

BUT this is not the only confession he has to make, now he is in a communicative humour. He likewise owns, that several of the smaller pieces, particularly some of the epigrams, in the

ensuing miscellany, are taken from hints which he accidentally met with in reading or conversation; so that their dress is the only thing for which they are beholden to him: and if in this case he has acted the part of a pretty good taylor, it is as much as can be expected. But there is one piece of a much greater length than the generality, the principal ideas in which are also collected from another person's labours; viz. a Pastoral, chiefly versified from a prose composition in one of the periodical performances. As for the fragments at the end of the volume, an account of them is given in their proper preface, so that to say any thing here concerning them, would be superfluous. Only it may be observed, that they were not primarily designed to make any part of this collection. But he dares say, that his readers will think themselves happy in having them substituted in the room of original compositions.

WHETHER there is any thing beside what he has mentioned, that calls for an acknowledgment of plagiarism, he does not at this time recollect; should aught hereafter be produced against him, he hereby informs his accusers, that the concealment was involuntary; and as such he hopes it will not be thought a proper object of resentment.

HE

HE has only one apology more to trouble the world with, and then he stands or falls by the sentence of the public. The manner in which some words are spelt, may to many people seem somewhat extraordinary; viz. *Powre, Bowre, Towre, &c.* instead of *Power, Bower, Tower, &c.* which method he has endeavoured to observe (as far he was able) when they are intended only to make one syllable. This method was commonly used by our ancestors; and he cannot see any reason for its being since neglected; for he thinks the *E* at the end of words of this kind, looks much better than an apostrophe to supply its place in the middle, as has lately been the case in the forementioned instances, viz, *Pow'r* for *Power, &c.* by which the eye is miserably hurt, and the language exceedingly mangled. He should not indeed have been so daring as to attempt a thing of this nature, without authority for so doing; but since he has the practice of former times to keep him in countenance (and he really imagines that our fore-fathers were full as wise as their posterity) he hopes the attempt to revive an old custom, if not approved of, will at least be pardoned.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a
general survey of the subject. The author
points out the importance of the subject
and the need for a more systematic
approach to the study of the subject.
He then proceeds to a detailed
examination of the subject, and
discusses the various aspects of the
subject. The author concludes by
stating that the subject is of great
importance and that it is necessary
to have a more systematic approach
to the study of the subject.

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If any other names which the Author has received have been accidentally overlooked or mistaken, 'tis hoped that the error will be pardoned. And as he has deferred the publication of the volume a considerable time, solely on the account of printing some subscribers names, which have not yet been sent in, he hopes to be excused for not waiting any longer ; especially as he is sensible that the appearance of the book has been for some time expected.

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Page 31, Line 3. *And* for *Has*. P. 35, *Praraphrased* for *Paraphrased*. P. 35, L. 8. *narrrow* for *narrow*. P. 61, L. last, *Saint* for *Guest*. P. 93, L. 14, *if* for *of*. P. 102, *Praraphrased*, for *Paraphrased*. P. 154, L. last, *Pleasure* for *a Pleasure*. P. 192, L. 11, *discry* for *descry*. P. 208, L. 6, *Prerfer'd* for *Prefer'd*. P. 224, L. last, *when* for *what*. P. 329, Stanza xxv, *Aod* for *And*. P. 329, *faral* for *fatal*.

A N
O D E

OCCASIONED BY THE
SUCCESS OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

*Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.* H O R.

PRINTED in the YEAR 1759.

As N

E

D

O

SUCCESS OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.
OCCASIONED BY THE

His Majesty's Ship the *Phoenix*,
H.M.S. *Phoenix*.

Printed in the Year 1759.

A N

O D E

OCCASIONED BY THE
SUCCESS OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

I.

FROM *Attic* towers when lengthening shades
descend,

And Phœbus sinks with milder beams array'd;
Unmindful of the mistress, or the friend,
O'er Ifis' banks with careless step I stray'd.

II.

When strait appear'd before my wondering Eyes
A nymph majestic and divinely fair,
Who seem'd, tho' youthful, venerably wise,
And with sedateness wore a chearful air.

III.

Slow I advanc'd, and trembling wou'd have spoke,
 But soon the lovely form dispell'd my fear,
 As from her lips these flowing accents broke,
 And pour'd harmonious on my raptur'd ear.

IV.

" My Son, (for I am parent of this stream)
 Is every spark of fire poetic dead?
 To what far country is the thirst of fame,
 To what bleak region are the muses fled?

V.

How oft with mute attention have I heard,
 Breath'd on my banks, the lover's plaintive song;
 While charm'd alike each listening spray appear'd,
 And scarce my waves unwilling roll'd along.

VI.

Here too have lofty deeds in martial strains
 Rous'd all my soul, while heroes seem'd to lead
 Their hostile troops along th' inamell'd plains,
 And join fierce conflict on my flowery mead.

VII. Ev'n

VII.

Ev'n now, obedient to fair fancy's call,
The godlike ranks of warriors old appear,
Determin'd each, to conquer, or to fall,
An honour'd life, or glorious death, to share.

VIII.

In phalanx firm they rush upon the foe,
And wild uproar, and horrid rout succeeds;
While at some fatal shot, or desperate blow,
Perhaps a Cæsar, or a Brunswick bleeds.

IX.

Discordant concert of promiscuous war,
Extorted shrieks and dying groans arise;
And joining harsh, the grating trumpet's jar,
And cannons' loud explosions rend the skies.

X.

Here, by my Addison's immortal pen,
Unfading laurels Blenheim's Hero gains;
Here Marlbro' fights his battles o'er again,
And wins new trophies on unsullied plains.

XI.

Such scenes have oft my panting bosom fir'd,
When all my sons with emulation strove
To raise my fame, whom martial heat inspir'd,
Whom martial heat inspir'd, or tender love.

XII.

Such scenes . . . but haste, the pleasing task renew,
For small delight the long remembrance brings;
Draw forth again the legions to my view,
And raise thy voice to heroes and to kings.

XIII.

Again describe the firm uplifted lance,
And spear tremendous blazing from afar;
Describe the vaunting sons of faithless France,
And Britons dreadful as the God of War.

XIV.

See, with what force the ponderous blade descends,
Destruction sure, on each devoted head;
While low beneath its weight the victim bends,
And breathless falls among th' unnumber'd dead.

XV. Hark!

MISCELLANIES.

2

XV.

Hark! the hoarse guns in thundering volleys sound,
 Dire engines, form'd for havoc and for death!
 See, how they hurl sad desolation round,
 And sweep whole ranks, whole squadrons, at a
 breath!

XVI.

Nor less, proud Gallia, where thy navies play,
 Britannia thunders o'er the subject wave;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, nor vows, avail to stay
 Thy vanquish'd thousands from an early grave.

XVII.

The giant vessel's knotty oak-ribb'd side,
 Th' unequal war unable to sustain,
 Gaping in horrid chasms, admits the tide,
 And found'ring plunges in the op'ning main.

XVIII.

And mark, at length, their broken sad remains,
 (For future wrath reserv'd, a shatter'd few)
 Confus'dly flying o'er the watery plains,
 While Britain's slaughter-dealing sons pursue.

XIX.

'Wake then, O, 'wake to glory, 'wake to fame,
Nor fighting say such splendid scenes are past :
The verse that flows with great BOSCAWEN's name,
With time itself, and his renown, shall last.

XX.

Of ancient valour fled no more complain,
Of Worthies fall'n each gloomy thought dispell ;
For say, since British Heroes rul'd the main,
As well who counsell'd, or who fought as well ?

XXI.

Tell then my sons to smite the sounding lyre,
To brave BOSCAWEN tune their noblest lays ;
His deeds shall every manly breast inspire,
Each infant tongue shall lisp the hero's praise.

XXII.

Quick speed thy way, th' important message bear,
My orders bid each willing bard perform ;
Bid them like fate proclaim in Gallia's ear,
" He wields the thunder, and directs the storm."

The

The FINISHED FAIR.
A T A L E.

To a LADY on the BIRTH-DAY of her DAUGHTER.

JOVE, wanton grown, resolv'd of late,
A mortal virgin to create,
Adorn'd with every winning Grace,
And every charm of Soul and Face,
To keep his heav'nly beauties under,
And fill the world below with wonder.

The vast conception, 'tis confess,
Was worthy Jove's capacious breast;
Who, strait to put in execution
The great, the godlike resolution;
Lest leisure should conduce to change,
Or pleasure tempt his thoughts to range;
Determin'd, ere he had forgot,
To strike the iron while 'twas hot.
And thus of gods and men the Sire,
Address his Son, and eke his Squire.

“ Haste

"Haste, Hermes, haste, the heav'nly powers
Call from their empyreal towers.
Bid each, as lightning quick, resort,
'Tis Jove commands 'em, to our Court."

The nimble messenger obey'd,
Nor long his rapid flight delay'd;
But bade their Highnesses remove,
And wait the high behest of Jove.

Attend they instant (for a God
Is never long upon the road;
But whips ye fifty thousand miles,
O'er hedges, ditches, gates, and stiles,
Sooner, than You or I, by far,
Could go from Paul's to Temple-bar,)
And with a cringe polite and low,
Desire submissively to know,
How they their ready zeal may prove,
To serve their sovereign father Jove.

He heard, well-pleas'd; but 'twas too late,
To give their Worships time to prate:
Their noise he therefore soon suppress,
And thus th' assembled powers address.

"'Tis

" 'Tis now that first CLEORA knows
Sharp Child-birth's agonizing throes:
The fairest She of all the fair,
That breathe on earth the vital air:
Approv'd in every scene of life,
The tender maid, the faithful wife;
Of every nameless art possesst,
To warm a generous husband's breast;
And make, as Time shall steal away,
The length of years a nuptial day.
Lucina, lend thy suppliant aid,
And bring to light a lovely maid,
Confess'd alone of equal worth
To her the nymph who gives her birth:
Fit branch to spring from such a root,
Sweet bloom portending sweeter fruit!
And you, who make Mankind your care,
Adorn with every grace the fair,
Whose charms resplendent as the day,
Yet mild as morning's dawning ray,
When first it gilds the dewy plains,
Shall hold a captive world in chains.

But

But chiefly shall Britannia smile ;
(Britannia, beauty-bearing isle !)
And they, whom proudest kings obey,
Shall soon confess her sov'reign sway :
The great, the virtuous, and the brave,
Each free-born son a willing Slave."

The Thunderer said ; and bade dispense,
Each Powre, his chiefest excellence.
And, first in rank, his Gracious Queen
Indow'd her with majestic mein.
Minerva's noble skill refin'd
The inward features of her mind :
That so 'twere doubtful to be said,
If Juno better had display'd,
On DELIA'S outward form, her art ;
Or Pallas on the Head and Heart.

The youthful God who gives the day,
And modulates the melting lay,
With all his glow her bosom fir'd,
With all his melody inspir'd.
'Tis hence each look was taught to charm ;
Her frown to freeze, her smile to warm.

'Tis

'Tis hence she strikes the trembling strings;
And Angels listen while she sings.

Venus unwillingly bestows
The bloom, and fragrance, of the rose;
(Unwillingly, as fearing one
By whom herself would be undone,)
The snowy Neck, the flowing hair,
The crimson cheek, divinely fair;
The sparkling eye, the heaving breast; —
Till all the Goddesses shone confest.

Next Cupid lent his piercing Darts,
Destructive found to human hearts:
His piercing darts, and dreadful bow,
Above tremendous, as below:
And gave her, with unerring skill,
To wound or cure, to save or kill.
Her chastity the Huntress-Dame
Bestow'd, and ever-spotless fame.
And all the Rest, of meaner fame,
Whom half a day were short to name,
Employ'd their skill, in proper place,
To deck her Mind, or form her face.

Till

Till every perfect charm was granted,
That Gods possess'd, or Mortals wanted :
Each inward charm, each outward grace,
Without the flaws of human race :
Nay, with submission to their Honours,
Without the foibles of the donors ;
Who now with envious eyes beheld
Themselves in every shape excell'd ;
And, wondering, view'd the finish'd frame,
Afraid to praise, ashamed to blame.
All wish'd to take their gifts again ;
All wish'd, but wish'd alas ! in vain :
The deed was done, the die was cast ;
And Fate had fix'd the sentence fast.

The Fair was form'd ; — and mighty Jove,
Who rules the spacious realms above,
Whose empire farthest lands obey,
From where the sun begins the day,
To where he ends his glowing reign,
And sinks within the western main ;
Resign'd his sceptre, and his powre,
And bade the subject world adore.

THE
PLEASURES of CHANGE.

Nil jucundum est, nisi quod reficit varietas.

EPIGRAM.

I'LL live no more *single*, but get me a *wife*,
For *change*, cries poor *Ned*, is the *comfort of life*.
A wife then he got; and no mortal could be,
For a *month* after *marriage*, more happy than *he*.
But when *children*, and *squalling*, began to increase,
And a loud-scolding *doxy* molested his peace;
I wish in my heart I was quit of my *wife*,
For *change*, cries poor *Ned*, is the *comfort of life*.

The C O N F L I C T.
A S O N G.

I.

CHLOE, ever-beauteous charmer,
Blest with each attractive grace,
Who such innocence could harm, or
Who withstand that angel Face!

II.

Such a war thy presence raises,
'Twixt our Passions and our Duty,
Each attracted different ways is,
This by Virtue, Those by Beauty.

III.

To undo thee urg'd by passion,
Duty calls aloud, " forbear ;"
Shall we yield to Inclination,
Can we injure one so Fair?

IV. Virtue

IV.

Virtue triumphs passion over;
Fair thy fame, as fair thy charms;
Bless, O bless some happier lover,
And with Honour fill his Arms.

The P E T I T I O N.*To* APOLLO.

IF e'er a *begging poet* can be heard,
If e'er his prayre successfully preferr'd,
Dan Phæbus, own a *brother* of the *quill*,
And save thy *suppliant* from this greatest *ill*;
A *wife*, than *be*, of *talents* more *refin'd*;
Too young, too fair, too virtuous, or — *too kind*.

The M I S T A K E.*To Miss — —.*

I.

O NE morning as I chanc'd to rove,
 Ere Sol had gilt the mountain's head,
 I met my Fair in yonder grove,
 And thus, for Phœbus, hail'd the Maid.

II.

All-hail, thou great enlivening powre,
 Whose influence farthest empires own;
 Whom mortals nature-taught adore,
 And humbly bow before thy Throne!

III.

All-hail, I cry'd; nor could proceed;
 The Sun appearing prov'd my folly;
 But own'd my words to her agreed,
 Proud to be thought as *bright* as MOLLY.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

BAWLETTA's blest with each external grace,
That e'er adorn'd the fair,
With all the Paphian Goddess in her face,
All Juno in her air :
She's fair, majestic, nobly-born, and young,
As Cræsus rich ; but then, she has — a *tongue*.

AN ODE on the DEATH of His Royal Highness
FREDERICK Prince of WALES.

Written at OXFORD.

I.

HERE in this deep-embow'ring grove,
Still seat of woe and black despair !
Let me awhile the busy world remove,
And pensive weep mine own and Britain's care.

II.

But ah! what numbers shall I chuse?
What muse, what deity implore,
The melancholy accents to infuse,
And tell mankind, that FREDERICK is no more!

III.

Ah me! each mournful muse is dumb,
Each muse a nation's anguish shares;
And, slowly pointing to the dreary tomb,
Speaks the unutterable Woe in Tears!

IV.

See Britain's Genius prostrate lie,
With the vast weight of grief oppress'd:
Faintly he lifts to heav'n the trembling eye,
And pensive-sighing beats his throbbing breast.

V.

Hard hap of man's still wretched race!
We scarcely view the blessings giv'n,
When rigid fate cuts short the vital space,
And wafts the airy vision back to Heav'n.

VI. Was

VI.

Was he not form'd with ev'ry art
To think, converse, and live, with ease;
To charm, while he improv'd, the gladden'd heart,
And hush contending Factions into peace?

VII.

Ah! what avails thy royal birth,
Sprung from a line of scepter'd hands:
Since, mingled now with vile Plebeian earth,
Thy dust alone its scant'd space commands?

VIII.

But what are birth, distinction, powre,
To those who nobler glories boast?
The gilded empty pageants of an hour,
How quickly tarnish'd, and how quickly lost!

IX.

His was the sympathizing breast,
The social sense of others' woe,
'Twas merit to be blamelessly distress'd;
There, when Fate aim'd, He ward'd off, the blow.

X.

Whither shall drooping Science fly,
 Ah! whither? to what distant coast?
 See, see, her blasted laurels fade — they die;
 While wit presaging mourns her empire lost.

XI.

But chiefly thou, Oxonia, wail
 Thy prince, thy patron, more, thy friend;
 Blest, cou'd the wish, the tender tear, prevail
 On heav'n, it's rod vindictive to suspend!

XII.

'Tis past; — cease, cease the fruitless prayre;
 Th' irrevocable arrow flies:
 And now the spirit thro' the yielding air
 Ascending radiant seeks its native skies.

XIII.

Where, not unmindful of his Britain's weal,
 FREDERICK shall still his genial powre display,
 Calm her seditious jars, her factions heal,
 And *patronize* the realms he could not *sway*.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H.

LIFE is a *jest* the *bard* averr'd,
Whose nice conception seldom err'd.

Yet, friend of mine, let me advise;

Be never *merry* more than *wise*.

This *mean* unless thou well discernest,

I fear the *jest* will turn to *earnest*.

The ADVANTAGES *of* POVERTY.*An* E P I G R A M.

AVARO still anxious reflects on his store,
As always afraid he may some time be poor.

While *Irus* contented in lowly estate,

Defies all the cares of the rich and the great;

And laughs at the blind-folded Goddess's power,

Affur'd her *worst* usage can make him *no lower*.

EPIGRAM.

THOU dearest of friends, thou must now be
 my bail,
 Says Daniel to Dick, or my fate is a *jail*.
 Not so, replies Dick; but I'll tell you what, Dan;
 Why, — you may get *somebody else* if you can.

S O N G.

I.

ONCE inconstant as the wind,
 Ever changing, never kind,
 E'ery sighing, subject swain
 Felt the rigours of my reign:
 Thousands press'd me,
 Fawn'd, caress'd me;
 Thousands press'd me,
 All in vain.

II. Deaf

II.

Deaf to unavailing prayres,
 Blind to disregarded cares;
 All with fruitless passion strove
 CHLOE's marble heart to move:

Still professing,

Still addressing,

Still professing

Truth and love.

III.

Thus o'er all extends my sway,
 All admire, and all obey;
 While the greatest hopes they gain,
 Just protract a life of pain:

Thousands pressing

For the blessing;

Thousands pressing

To my chain.

IV.

"Till at length in yonder grove,
 Sacred to the joys of love,

Where

Where the beech and poplar join'd,

Gently wanton'd in the wind;

Damon press'd me,

Damon kiss'd me;

Damon press'd me

To be kind.

V.

When so warmly lovers woo,

What, alas! can woman do? —

Deaf no more to love's alarms,

Damon wander'd o'er my charms:

Damon kiss'd me,

Damon press'd me,

Damon blest'd me,

In his arms.

E P I G R A M.

PHILANDER blest with wit and wealth,

And ease, and innocence, and health,

Possesses all the joys of life,

Except the Comforts of a Wife:

A wife

A wife is still his warmest prayre;

The want occasions all his care.

Preposterous man! to ask of heaven,
To *spoil* those blessings it has given.

On MYRA's Singing.

EXTEMPORE.

IF *harmony* could soothe the savage throng;

If Orpheus mov'd the mountains by his song;

If sweet Amphyon drew the rocks along,

Attentive to his call:

When Myra sung, the wondering orbs on high,

Drunk with her more-than-mortal melody,

Had tumbled headlong from their native sky,

And crush'd the globe and songstrels in their fall.

The Life and Adventures of an OLD-MAID.

FULL *threescore* years this life Cleora led,

At morn she rose, and went at night to bed.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

On a LADY aged Nineteen.

STOP, *mortal*, stop, *whoe'er* thou art,
 A *sovereign*, or a *slave*;
 O stop! nor unimprov'd depart
 From this instructive grave.
 For know, if *youth* and *beauty's* bloom,
 To ev'ry grace ally'd,
 Could e'er have triumph'd o'er the *tomb*,
 This *fair-one* had not dy'd.

For my OWN EPITAPH.

I WROTE these lines, when *youth* display'd
 A *sun* that seem'd without a *shade*;
 To be engrav'd upon my *tomb*,
 When *death's* appointed time should come.
 Tho' poor the thought, thou need'st not laugh,
 It is no *lying Epitaph*.

To

TO DELIA.

*Occasioned by the Ladies complaining of some Lines
that reflected on their Sex.*

YOU think it odd that from my lays
Censure proceeds, as well as praise.

But, Delia, say, am I to blame,

If you are always not the same?

To him the merit must belong,

Who to his *subject* suits his song.

Whene'er your *smile* my bosom warms,

My verse essays to speak your charms.

But if your *frowns* attempt to kill,

The harsher line demands my quill.

Still, Delia, smile; and still my lays
Shall strive to paint your matchless praise.

But if you *frown*, the case is plain,

I cannot raise the grateful strain:

For well each *Academic* knows,

Effects are suited to their cause.

On the same Occasion.

ENRAG'D the ladies oft complain
How widely various is my strain;
That paints them *angels*, now, of *light*;
And, shortly, *beings* not so *bright*.

Nor yet, my lovely foes, refuse
To hear the reasons of the muse;
For well the muse can make you see,
Nor *praise*, nor *blame*, belongs to *me*.
My *sun* are *you*, whose genial ray
Awakes to life the embryo lay:
And under Phœbus' influence grows
As well the *thistle* as the *rose*.

S O N G.

To Miss — — —

Set to Music by Mr. W—.

I.

DEAR madam, old Homer, an honest blind
fellow,

Who always spoke truth when he chanc'd to get
mellow,

And told us to flee from the Syren's sweet strain,
How weak e'ery art was, all efforts how vain.

II.

To the charms of their *voice*, those of *beauty*
were join'd :

(How pow'ful when single, resistless combin'd!)

And living, in *ocean*, some dreadful sharp rocks on,
Whole heaps of poor *tars* they allur'd to destruction.

III. For

III.

For as soon as their sweet-flowing accents were
heard,

Plum against the rough rocks the mad mariners steer'd.
Thus, like a poor bird by the charmer decoy'd,
The vessel was split, and the sailors destroy'd.

IV.

Now trust me, my dear, for 'tis certainly true,
Just, just such a terrible creature are you :
You act to perfection the Syren's fell part,
We are lur'd by your charms, and the *rock* is
your *heart*.

V.

But since, cruel maid, 'tis in vain to deplore,
Or-grieve at what thousands have suffer'd before ;
I yield, but O grant this last boon to your slave,
As I *die* by your *heart*, be your *bosom* my *grave*.

The SYMPATHETIC MISER.

An EPIGRAM.

Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.

OLD Skinflint in cunning was equall'd by few,
And with *lawsuits* and *bribes* became rich
as a *Jew*.

By *promising*, *swearing*, *forswearing*, or *worse*,
He got a good *million* safe-bound in his *purse*;
Then *starv'd* half the neighbours with hoarding
his *self*,
And in pure-hearted *sympathy* — *hunger'd* himself.

S O N G.

I.

CEASE, cease, at length, my charming Fair,
To drive the wretched to despair:
Nor further press your pow'ful sway,
Nor strive to kill, because you *may*.

D

II. Without

II.

Without reserve I freely own,
'Tis you I love, and you alone:
Act in return a generous part,
And own that *I* possess your heart.'

III.

"My heart!" confounded *Sylvia* cries. —
Yes, fair, I read it in your eyes;
Those eyes that more than language prove,
My *Sylvia* feels the force of love.

IV.

Nor less those crimson cheeks declare,
My lovely virgin kind as fair:
While Cupid thus his powre employs,
To give fair hopes of future joys.

V.

Replete with more-than-mortal charms,
I caught the angel in my arms;
And forc'd the yielding maid to own,
'Twas me she lov'd, and me alone.

T H E
T R I P L E F O O L.

Paraphrased from Dr. DONNE.

I.

Y^ES, yes, I'm *one* fool big enough, I confess,
If it were but for *loving* alone ;
For *rhyming* my passion *another* no less ;
Yet *wisdom* itself would be proud of my place,
By such *fooling* could Phyllis be won.

II.

Then, just as *sea-water*, philosophers say,
Its salt so corroding no longer retains,
When once it has pass'd thro' the *earth's* narrow
veins ;
So I thought it by much the most plausible way,
My passion to tame, and my pains to allay,
To draw them thro' *rhyme*, and to make them obey,
In *limbo* confin'd, my poetical chains.

III.

But soon, I perceive, all my labour is vain,
 When his musical talent to shew,
 Some delicate songster attunes the sad strain,
 That frees from their *fetters* my sorrows again,
 Which *rhyme* had forbidden to flow.

IV.

Love and *grief* are fit subjects of verse, we must own,
 But the soft-soothing song is too apt to increase,
 And foment, not extinguish, the growing disease;
 For then in full splendour their triumph is shown,
 And *I*, by that triumph so splendid, am grown,
 What I take so much care to the world should
 be known,
Three fools, for my labour, instead of a *brace*.

EPIGRAMS.

Imitated from the same.

EPIGRAM I.

CORNUTUS so solemnly swore,
In a *bawdyhouse* never to come,
That finding his wife is a whore,
The poor fellow's afraid to go *home*.

EPIGRAM II.

Thy *sins* and *hairs* equal sure no one can call,
For thy *sins* daily grow, and thy *hairs* daily fall:

EPIGRAM III.

Here only *thyself* and thy *picture* agree,
It is *painted*, and so, Chloe, you are:
Take the *paint* from the *canvas*, thy *daubing*
from *thee*,
I'll engage the *resemblance* is *trueer*.

S O N G.

I.

VENUS, ever sweetly smiling,
 Foe to undeserv'd disdain,
 Buxom Venus, care-beguiling,
 Hear, O hear, a sighing swain.
 Hear thy slave at awful distance,
 Bending low, prefer his prayre;
 Hear, and lend thy kind assistance,
 Hear, and warm the frozen fair.

II.

Quick, thine aid, O Cupid, lend me,
 Skill'd to pierce the hardest heart;
 Swift-advancing to befriend me,
 Chuse thy surest sharpest dart:
 To my Chloe's breast directed,
 Half my passion let her share;
 Be my suit no more rejected,
 Cool the Swain, or warm the Fair.

The PLEASURES *of* MADNESS

BEHOLD in Bedlam's dreary cell,
Where pale *disease* and *phrensy* dwell,
Yon happier *madman* void of care,
Who struts with that important air.
A *courtier* lately vain and proud,
He look'd contemptuous on the croud.
A *suiter* now he bends the knee ;
And now a *lawyer* takes his *fee*.
A *sovereign* see him now assume
His sceptre and his sword, a broom.
The matted straw supplies a crown,
A stool three-footed forms his throne.
His throne he mounts, his sword he draws,
And vows destruction to his foes.
The croud retires in deep dismay,
And all the phrenzied tribe obey.

Thus *courtier*, *lawyer*, *suiter*, *king*,
At all times, and in every thing ;

Loſt in a regular confuſion,
 He hugs the happy dear *deluſion*;
 And taſting all the *blifs* that flows
 From every ſtate, without the *woes*,
 Proves *miſery* to conſiſt in *ſadneſs*,
 And *reaſon* only to be *madneſs*.

Sir JOHN and his COACHMAN.

An EPIGRAM.

A N impudent *villain*, a *ſcoundrel*, a *rogue*,
 A backbiting *varlet*, a *rascally dog*,
 Sir John call'd his coachman: the coachman enrag'd,
 Return'd his *abuse*; ſo the *heroes* engag'd.
 Yet 'tis odd they ſhould *quarrel*, when none that
 were by,
 Thought the *man* or the *maſter* told one ſingle *lye*.

O D E

To a SINGING BIRD.

I.

O Thou, that glad'st my lonesome hours,
 With many a wildly-warbled song,
 When *melancholy* round me lours,
 And drives her sullen storms along;
 When fell *adversity* prepares,
 To lead her delegated train,
 Pale sickness, want, remorse, and pain,
 With all her host of carking cares, —
 The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
 And give the humbled heart to sympathy's controul:

II.

Sweet soother of my misery, say,
 Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
 Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
 How can'st thou, little pris'ner, *sing*?

Hast

Hast thou not cause to *grieve*,
 That man, unpitying man, has rent
 From thee the boon which nature meant
 ' Thou should'st, as well as he, receive, —
 ' The powre to woo thy partner in the grove;
 To build, where instinct points; where chance directs,
 to rove?

III.

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
 And to the woes of bondage blind,
 Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
 Nor wishest to be unconfin'd:
 Then how relentless he,
 And fit for every foul offence!
 Who could bereave such innocence
 Of Life's best blessing, *Liberty*;
 Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
 To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care.

IV.

But why for thee this fond complaint?
 Above thy master, thou art blest:
 Art thou not free? — Yes; calm *content*
 With olive sceptre sways thy breast.

Then

Then deign with me to live:

The falcon of insatiate maw,

With hooked bill and griping claw,

Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive;

And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,

Whilst pensively-demure she hears thy melting strain.

V.

Nor shall the fiend, fell famine, dare

Thy wiry tenement assail:

These, these shall be my constant care,

The limpid fount and temperate meal.

And when the blooming spring

In chequer'd livery robes the fields,

The fairest flowerets nature yields

To thee officious will I bring;

A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,

And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice-happy *Bird*, be thine.

VI.

From drear oblivion's gloomy cave,

The powerful muse shall wrest thy name,

And bid thee live beyond the grave,—

This meed, she knows, thy merits claim:

She

She knows, thy liberal heart
 Is ever ready to dispense
 The tide of bland benevolence,
 And melody's soft aid impart;
 Is ready still to prompt that magic lay,
 Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains
 away.

VII.

Erewhile, when, brooding o'er my soul,
 Frown'd the black Demons of despair,
 Did not thy voice their powre controul?
 And oft suppress the rising tear?
 If fortune should be kind, —
 If e'er with affluence I am blest'd,
 I'll often seek some friend distress'd;
 And when the weeping wretch I find,
 Then, tuneful Moralist, I'll copy thee,
 And solace all his woes with social sympathy.

The TURNCOAT.*An EPIGRAM: Written at the General Election.*

HIS *head* long since Sir Guzman turn'd,
 'Twas pity no man thought;
 But all the world seem'd much concern'd,
 When Guzman turn'd his *coat*.
 The contest ended, he has got
 This comfort for his pains,
 To see how much we think his *coat*
 Is better than his *brains*.

On the Same.

A Turncoat! Heav'ns, it cannot be;
 The *knight* would never turn, not he;
 The very thought is shocking:
 Except he sagely fought to hide
 Some desperate *hole* on t'other *side*,
 As Teague once turn'd his *stocking*.

On

On the Same.

SIR Guzman turn'd his brain ; why then,
 Cries Ned, e'en let him turn't again.
 His *coat* he turn'd ; ay, from my heart,
 Cries honest Dick, I'm sorry for't.

Of *Irish Ram* thus have I seen,
 For twice two shillings fold, the *skin* ;
 And on the Stall neglected laid,
 An uselefs heap, his *blundering head*.

S O N G.

I.

PHYLLIS, *in* the bloom of youth,
 Foe to constancy and truth,

Oft deceives the fighting swains :
 Now profusely vows, and now,
 Laughing breaks the brittle vow,
 Breaks her vow, and mocks their pains.

II. Phyllis

II.

Phyllis, *past* the bloom of youth,
Friend to constancy and truth,
Blaming oft the alter'd swains,
Vows to die a maid; and now,
She may keep her virtuous vow,
Every shepherd mocks her pains.

The COURAGEOUS CAPTAIN.*An* EPIGRAM.

LOUD Thrafo swears his trusty *blade*,
For noblest deeds renown'd,
The last encounter, breathless laid
Ten Frenchmen on the ground.
The truth, says Dick, I ne'er can doubt,
Whate'er *some* folks may say;
For well I know the Captain's *flout*,
He — ran so fast away.

The CONVERSION of *St. PAUL.*

— *Vibratus fulgor ab æthrâ
Tendenti venit, ecce, repens, et luminis aurâ
Afflatum æthereâ lux plurima circumfulsit.*

VIDA.

CELESTIAL spirit, at whose bidding flow
The soul-felt anthems of angelic choirs,
Soft-warbling on their harps, stream o'er my breast
The powres of sacred song, — thy suppliant aid
To emulate the seraph's glorious voice, —
Raise and support his groveling muse, that so,
Scorning the pomp of sublunary themes,
Borne on thy pinions she may mount the clouds,
And woo thy rapturous offspring, extasy.

Lost in bewildering mazes nature lay,
Whilst error rode triumphant thro' the gloom,
Clapping his joyous wings amid the dark:
Thou spak'st; — the world was kindled into day,
And reason's purged eye beheld the light.

Vain

Vain *Superstition* droop'd her sick'ning head ;
She hid her face abash'd ; her spurious shrines,
Their flame extinct, no more with incense smok'd,
When truth's fair sun descended bright from heaven,
And hopeless man with genial influence chear'd.

Hence much we know ; hence we can well
discern

The goal, at which arriv'd, we come to scenes
Of joy extatic and of endless day.

Yet small *our* science when compar'd with *thine*,
Omniscient Father of the Universe !

Who can perceive the springs that actuate
Th' *Eternal Mind* ? Who tell the various means
By which he saves the world, and sheds on souls
His balm of precious health, immortal life ?

How wond'rous are his works ! — By one vast act
Of boundless powre his greatest foe he makes,
Subservient to his will, an instrument
To execute the deep-concerted plan,
Which comprehends the weal of humankind.

An *Hebrew Paul* was born, what time the veil
Of fatal incredulity o'erspread

The eye of darken'd *Israel*, nam'd in vain
Th' *Elect* of heav'n and *God's peculiar flock*.
In ancient rites and ceremonies vers'd,
He beat his youthful way, and follow'd close
The long-worn path his ancestry had trod.
All deviation from th' accustom'd form
Of *Moses'* institutions deeming base,
And judging ill of *Christ's* commission'd right,
To abrogate the law himself inspir'd,
And change his *saving* scheme; with ardour high
And giddy zeal inflam'd, on *Christendom*
He vow'd fell vengeance and destruction dire.
He joy'd to see th' abandon'd croud imbrue
Their murderous hands in martyr'd *Stephen's* blood;
With rapture he beheld the few forlorn
Of *CHRIST's* Apostles raise with feeble arm
The sceptre of his kingdom, and his church
With threaten'd ruin totter to its base;
The sheep wide scatter'd and without a guard.
Nor ceas'd he thus; — With high commission charg'd
From *sacerdotal* Powre, to bring in chains
Such votaries as should dare invoke the name,

Or spread the doctrine, of their murder'd *Lord*;
As tow'rd *Damascus*' walls he held his course,
Sudden keen gleams of lightning fir'd the air,
And flash'd around insufferable day:
Not half so bright *Hyperion* shines, adorn'd
In all the splendors of solstitial pride,
When riding o'er the concave of the sky
He darts below from full meridian height
His blazing summer-beams. — His dazled eyes,
Struck with the glory of the heavenly vision,
Deny their functions; and his tottering knees,
Smiting each other, sink beneath their load:
With conscious guilt and boding fears oppress'd,
Trembling he reels and prone to earth he falls; —
When lo! proclaiming high the *Deity*,
These accents greet his ear; — “Dost thou on me
Thus wreck thy vengeful ire, presumptuous man?
Sooner the mole shall from it's deep-fix'd base
O'erturn the stubborn oak, than he ensure
Success, who with rebellious aim his hand,
Daring, shall raise against *Omnipotence*,
By whom he moves, and breathes the vital air.

Know I am *He*, who on th' accursed cross
For thee the agonies of death sustain'd;
Who felt for thee variety of woes,
Shame, misery, and reproach. — But haste, arise,
Of *God* thou art a minister ordain'd,
To preach salvation to the Pagan world.
Ingrateful *Israel*, favour'd long in vain,
Shut his obdurate heart, while on his head
I shower'd sweet mercy's fostering dew. — Then go,
Instruct the worthier *Gentile's* humble mind,
To think aright of me; to bow no more
To vain *Idolatry*; and how to steer
His bouyant bark along the tide of life,
Till faith with hope and meek-ey'd charity
Exalt him to those bowres, where he shall drain
Full cups of bliss and immortality,
The gracious meed that crowns the Christian's
Warfare.

Much thou must bear for Him, who suffer'd much
For thee: — Imprisonment, and bonds, and death,
For him thou must endure; — but patience meek
Shall fix her firmest barrier round thy heart,

And

And guard thee 'gainst oppression and despair ;
While ever on thy steps *our* sacred spirit,
Pure emanation of divinity,
Propitious shall attend." — The vision spake. —
Of what he saw, of what he heard convinc'd,
And ruminating on the miracle,
(View'd by deliberate reason's sober eye,
Not stamp'd by fairy fancy on the brain,)
Paul bursts the thralldom of the *Jewish Law*,
And springs to *Christian Liberty*. — The task,
Destin'd by his *Redeemer*, he assumes,
Pleas'd to be call'd the *Delegate of God*.
His labours he began, nor ceas'd his toil,
Till over half the Globe he had diffus'd
The *Gospel's* light, pointed the road to heaven,
And, like his dying *Saviour*, to confirm
The truth of his religion, with his blood
Had seal'd the testimony which he bore.

The UNHAPPY SATYRIST.*An* EPIGRAM.

YES, *Crantor*, all the world will own
 Thy excellence in railing;
 Yet tho' thy genius hath but *one*,
 'Tis not a *trivial* failing.
 The piece with blotches rough and rude,
 Is so profusely fown,
 That all who know thy face conclude
 Each feature is thy *own*.

The RECEIPT *for* LOVE.*A* S O N G.

I.

SHE's false, the fiend is false as fair,
 Forfaken Florio cries,
 And beats his breast, and rends his hair,
 And rowls his flashing eyes:

She's

She's false; yet ah! too well I know
My wailings all are vain;
Nor can these flowing streams of woe
Obliterate the stain.

II.

Ah no! from virtue's line the maid
Who once deluded strays,
Is lost, beyond redemption's aid,
In vice's wildering maze.
'Tis death alone, the faithful friend
To wretched hopeless man,
Can end my care; yes, death shall end
What luckless love began.

III.

Big with the thought, and fix'd on fate,
Away poor Florio flew,
Resolv'd to change his hopeless state,
And bid the world adieu.
"Adieu, he cried, ye scenes around,
Whom *I* no more shall view:"
Condoling Echo caught the sound,
And soft reply'd *adieu*.

IV.

Then sadly-sweet with warbling tongue,

He sung in moving strain;

Arion like, his funeral song,

Like him to end his pain.

“Ev’n now I taste the mighty *bliss*

That frees my love-sick soul,”

He said; and fought the vast abyfs

Of a capacious — *bowl*.

A N

O D E

Written on St. STEPHEN's DAY.

I.

DESCEND, and wake th' immortal lyre,
That lulls the soul with solemn-breathing airs,
O heaven-born muse; — attune the spheres,
And rouse to rapturous song thy fainted choir.
The deep-mouth'd * prince of Seers confess'd
Thy ardour labouring in his breast,
What time on eagle-wings he daring rode,
And held high converse with his God. —
See, big with fate the heaven-inspired sage
Rolls on through many a coming age,
Chaunting the progress of his dream;
His numbers how unbounded! how sublime his
theme!

* ISAIAH.

H. Lord

II.

Lord of Redemption! thee he saw
In regal glory beaming from afar,
The banners of the holy war,
And all the blest completion of the law.
If this prophetic song is true,
Whence this humility we view?
Humbled by man a *Saviour* and a *God*?
Aside is thrown the vengeful rod,
Aside the diamond-studded sceptre laid,
No diadem adorns his head,
No sword with martial pride he wields,
Nor in his car triumphant thunders o'er the fields.

III.

He! to whom in bright attire
Seraphs form'd a joyous choir,
Sacred *Pæans* loud they sung,
The star-pav'd domes with echoes rung,
Responsive to the golden lyre;
While *Cherubs* wav'd their purple pinions,
Soaring through the blest dominions,

The

The empyrean skies refounded,
As they caroll'd deathless lays,
"Holy, holy, holy," founded
Each angelic voice of praise. —
Vain doubts, away! — The vision was inspir'd,
Nor cou'd that hallow'd tongue a fable feign;
To heaven, Meffias, whence he came, retir'd,
Now holds his long hereditary reign.
Again celestial day-spring is restor'd,
Again his sapphire throne assumes th' *Almighty Lord*.

IV.

Say, blest *Urania*, (thou canst tell)
When from the darkling regions of the dead
The world's *Redeemer* rais'd his head,
Who first in brave assertion of him fell?
Stephen, while crouds around him press'd,
(Pale haggard looks their rage express'd)
A victim meek in holy pomp expir'd;
Cool was that tongue which truth had fir'd:
So down the western cliffs *Hyperion* rides,
Obscur'd by clouds in vain; he hides

His

His head, and but conceals his ray,
To flash a nobler lustre on returning day.

V.

Nor vainly hop'd he virtue's prize,
Nor innocence in vain his life had crown'd;
An early fate the *Martyr* found,
The last best prelude to immortal joys.
Even as he labour'd hard for breath,
And felt the leaden hand of death,
Enrapt with extasy he shot his eyes
Beyond the azure of the skies,
Where heavenly glory met his aching sight;
But dazzled with excess of light,
He cou'd not view; his eye-lids close,
And on the lap of earth he sinks to soft repose.

VI.

Haunts of hermits, solemn cells,
Temples, where Religion dwells,
Sylvan shades, sequester'd walks,
Groves, whence the woodland Echo talks,
And her wild mimic story tells;

Be

Be only mute this day to sadness,
Echoing to the voice of gladness;
Let gay music cheer your mazes,
Driving horror far away; —
Hark, her voice *Devotion* raises,
Pouring forth a sacred lay.
The organ, hark, magestically flow,
Gives to the trembling air the varied notes,
Whilst orisons in soft confusion flow,
And feather'd warblers join their tuneful throats:
Nature and *art* in friendly concert join,
And to th' immortal mansions hail the *Saint* divine.

From

From Æ S O P,

A F A B L E.

PROUD of her beauty and her size,

Thus to her *son* a Crabfish cries ;

“ Leave, child, for shame, that sideling pace,

“ And walk the way you set your face.”

To whom the son, with reverence due,

“ Mamma, proceed, I’ll copy *you*.”

To S Y L V I A,

Who asserted that no Gentleman had a Right to salute her.

I.

YES, lovely fair-one, well I know,

The raptures sweet and chaste,

That on those lips for ever glow,

No dull inhabitant below,

Can claim a *right* to taste.

II. Yet

II.

Yet, lovely fair-one, well I know,
When chaste and pure the flame,
'Twere godlike freely to bestow,
What no inhabitant below,
Could e'er in justice *claim*.

III.

'Tis true that to thy form so fair
Is join'd a fairer mind :
I see each virtue blooming there,
That heav'n can give, or mortal share,
Would'st thou alone be *kind*.

IV.

O, to that form and mind so fair,
Were but compassion given ;
Then should I hope such bliss to share,
As none can taste, without the care
And liberal gift of heaven.

EPIGRAMS *imitated from* Buchanan.

EPIG. I.

MNAM mihi promissam jubeo numerare Calenum ;
Abnuit ille : Aulum consulo causidicum.

Is mihi judicio suadet contendere ; causam

Suscipit ; hac quicquam justius esse negat.

Quam mihi dum peragit decimumque extendit in annum,

Penè decem decies jam periere minæ.

Ne lis quod superest exhauriat æris & ævi,

Vito reum pariter causidicumque meum.

Certum est nil posthac promittentive Caleno,

Hortanti aut Aulo credere. Causa vale.

Quæris utrum fugiam magis ? Aulum : namque Calenus

Verba dare, ast Aulus vendere verba solet.

EPIG. I. *Imitated.*

TO pay me a *pound*, as oblig'd by his promise,
Calenus denies; I apply to Sir *Thomas* :
He strongly advises recourse to the laws ;
And the kind man himself undertakes the good cause.
For the space of ten years, while my suit is extended,
The sum of a hundred good pounds is expended.
To make, while some cash and life lasted, an end on't,
I shun both my lawyer, and eke the defendant ;
Determin'd henceforward to credit in no wise,
My Lawyer's advice, or *Calenus's* promise.

Do you ask which I like? why — my lawyer —
the worse;

T'other broke but his *promise*, but He broke my *purse*.

EPIG. II.

*E*Cquid sis formosa rogas, Leonora, frequenter ;
Nec nisi jurato vis adhibere fidem.

*Sic mihi nunquam Helene, sic nunquam Leda sit uxor,
Ut nec par Helene, nec tibi Leda fuit.*

*Dî simul heroesque has, sed patienter, amârunt :
Verum quisquis amat Te, Leonora, furit.*

EPIG. III.

*Sylvius hic situs est, grâtis qui nil dedit unquam ;
Mortuus et grâtis quod legis ista dolet.*

EPIG. II. *Imitated.*

HOW oft you teaze me, dearest *Kitty*,
To know if I believe you pretty :
Nor will the bare assertion do,
Unless you hear me swear it too.
But may I never hope to move
A *Helen's* or a *Leda's* love,
If either of the charming two
Was half so beautiful as *you* :
Yet they have warm'd the Gods above ;
For them have heroes burn'd with love :
Tho' still indeed they kept their passion
Within the bounds of moderation :
But whosoe'er loves *you*, my fair,
Is *mad* as ever was *March-Hare*.

EPIG. III. *Imitated.*EPITAPH *for a MISER.*

Here lies a vile wretch who a farthing ne'er gaye,
And grieves that you *gratis* read this o'er his grave.

EPIG. IV.

ILLA mihi semper præsenti dura Neæra;

Me, quoties absum, semper abesse dolet.

Non desiderio nostri, non mæret amore;

Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.

EPIG. IV. *Imitated.*

WHene'er I am with her, my *Chloe's* hard hearted,
Yet always uneasy whene'er we are parted.

She grieves not for pity, or love of her swain;

But pines for the pleasure of *seeing* my pain.

EPIG. V.

Omnia quòd, Leonora, putant te vendere, falsum est;

Nam faciem, tibi quæ cætera vendit, emis.

EPIG. V. *Imitated.*

He that says *Leonora* sells every thing, lies;

For her *face*, which promotes all her traffic, she *buys*.

BRITANNIA'S TEARS:

*An ELEGIAC ODE,**Occasioned by the Death of General WOLFE.**(Written in the Year 1759.)*

I.

WHEN ebon night drew on her sable cowl,
 Wove by the hours that close dun twilight's reign,
 Such scenes as fitted best her mournful soul,
 BRITANNIA fought, to weep her hero slain.

II.

Far from the busy croud, on *Cambria's* shore,
 Where frowns in thickest shade the desert drear,
 Loud blow the winds, and whistling tempests roar,
 High heaves the billowy wave, and lours the air ;

III.

Where many a yew-tree rears his ancient head,
Mocking with stubborn pride the northern blast;
While thro' the gloom pale spectres seem to tread,
And dismal howlings fill the watry waste;

IV.

All on a rock the beauteous mourner lies,
The martial spear neglected by her side:
The briny tears roll copious from her eyes,
While thus she harps her sorrows to the tide.

V.

"Oft from some cliff, nigh where with headlong sweep
Old *Conway's* waters to the ocean fly,
To where the western welkin joins the deep,
With conscious pride I've cast my roving eye;

VI.

To view my red cross streaming in the breeze,
While tow'rd my shore the winged vessels steer;
What time the pilot, as he stemm'd the seas,
Wont with these accents bland to greet mine ear:

VII. "Hail

VII.

- " Hail to thy farthest verge, *Britannia*, hail!
" For thee the tropics boast their mellow'd store;
" For thee the East awakes a fostering gale,
" And wafts rich produce from his fertile shore.

VIII.

- " *Phœbus* for thee unlocks *Peruvian* mines,
" Maturing into gold the embryo dust;
" For thee *Iberia* flows with generous wines,
" And pours her tribute on thy happier coast.

IX.

- " For thee, fair *Commerce* claps her joyous wings,
" As proudly soaring o'er the azure main,
" Big with the wealth of either *Ind*, she brings
" A thousand glories glittering in her train.

X.

- " *Bellona* shakes her scourge at thy command,
" And *Gallia's* sons to death's dark realms are
hurl'd. —
" Hail to thy farthest verge, fair *Freedom's land*!
" Long fit the Umpire of a willing world."

XI.

Such soothing sounds, alas ! can charm no more,
 Nor aught avail my sorrows to becalm,
 Since death, unpitying, from this bosom tore
 My son, high-panting for th' immortal palm.

XII.

Say, hoary *Time*, in whose fam'd annals stand
 Names, that in deathless characters are dress'd,
 Chiefs, who have freed from tyranny the land,
 And with their latest breath their country bless'd;

XIII.

Say, *Greece*, where blew so loud the trump of fame;
 Sounding to distant realms each hero's praise,
 Wafted to heaven by bards each favourite name,
 And taught to live for ever in their lays;

XIV.

What time, high-borne on fancy's towering wing,
 The *Theban Poet* swept the sounding lyre,
 When every mountain bow'd to hear him sing,
 Each river hush'd his murmurs to admire; —

XV. Say,

XV.

Say, mighty *Rome*, whose towres majestic stood,
 Spurning the world's fair ruins in their mirth;
 Whose thirsty falchion drank the nations' blood,
 And now'd thy conquests thro' the prostrate earth;

XVI.

Whose laurell'd victors shar'd the meed of war,
 With plume so lofty and with port so proud,
 When their fleet couriers paw'd before the car,
 When fetter'd kings to grace their triumphs bow'd;—

XVII.

Say, can your aged records of renown,
 The warrior boast, who, try'd in fields of death,
 Wore round his helmed brows the wreaths he won,
 Untainted by *Ambition's* withering breath? —

XVIII.

Or hemm'd 'midst hostile legions flesh'd his blade,
 And bravely died to swell the rolls of fame,
 While round his dauntless heart keen lightning play'd,
 That issu'd from *Religion's* hallow'd flame?

XIX. What

XIX.

What though 'tis Yours to shew the breathing bust;
 Dead worthies taught in living stone to bloom;
 The sculptur'd vase with consecrated dust;
 Th' historic marble, and the flattering tomb?

XX.

Yet 'twas my *Son's*, each meaner thought repress'd,
 In foremost fight to prove a nobler rage; —
 More generous ardour fir'd *his* manly breast,
 Than poets fabled in their golden age.

XXI.

Where proud *Laurentius* pours his copious flood,
 Watering a hundred nations as he flows,
 Even now I see his sword all bath'd in blood,
 That hew'd his passage through an host of foes.

XXII.

* *Montcalm* was shook with dread, and stood aghast,
 As prowld the eager lion for his prey;
 He view'd the youthful hero as he pass'd,
 While direful hayock mark'd his blushing way.

* Commander of the *French* Forces at *Quebec*.

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The ambush'd *Indian* to each error blind,
Led by untutor'd nature's glimmering rays,
His ruder soul by narrower bounds confin'd,
His reason lost in one bewildering maze;

XXIV.

With wild amazement saw the chief advance:
His breast forgot with savage rage to glow;
He ask'd what arm had thrown the whizzing lance,
What hand with slaughter strew'd the plains below?

XXV.

But oh! what horror seiz'd my boding soul,
When death's grim form in terrible array,
Whetting his sting deep-drench'd in venom foul,
Quick through my *darling's* bosom cleft its way?

XXVI.

On bleak *America's* ensanguin'd heath,
I see, I see th' expiring warrior lie;
No friend is near to catch his fleeting breath,
No female hand to close his swimming eye!

XXVII. While

XXVII.

While hovering o'er him *Victory* seems to mourn,
 Weaving the living laurel round his head ;
 Upheld by *Fame*, I view his storied urn,
 Which future times with extasy shall read. —

XXVIII.

There late posterity the glorious cause,
 That call'd my Son to arms, shall wondering see,
 Who nobly falling 'mid his vanquish'd foes,
 Bled for *Religion, Liberty, and Me.*"

XXIX.

Thus *Britain* ceas'd her dirge ; — but as she sung,
 Hush'd was the brawling storm that wont to roar ; —
 Then down the rock her quivering harp she flung ;
 And solemn warblings died along the shore. —

A N
O D E
T O

C O N T E N T M E N T.

Celestial nymph, Contentment, come,
And lead me to thy haunts, where thou,
With smooth pacific look,
In mild serenity,
And all at ease, art wont to tread ; —
Parent of joys, O guide my feet
To where Felicity
Resides : Say, by what art
Thy pupils oft enrich'd the mind,
And turn'd to affluence their want ? —
Lo, in a gaping cliff
Of yonder shaggy rock,

Where

Where many a giant oak uprears
His blasted summit, waving wide
His moss-clad arms ; where climbs
The wanton ivy ; where
Nods o'er the precipice abrupt
The mouldering turf ; where, far beneath,
The thick-entangling brake
O'erruns the plain ; where, round,
The drear wild glooms ; where Solitude
And Melancholy, sister-twins,
Their dismal mansion hold,
Nor Echo talks ; — there dwells,
Hoary and wearing wisdom's guise,
A bearded sage. Hid from the world
He lives, and lives serene ; —
On wholesome herbs he feeds,
And from the limpid stream allays
His thirst ; — at morn by nature's call
And friendly light awak'd ;
By the soft lapse at eve
Of murmuring rills to slumber lull'd,
Chearful he measures day and night.

Yes,

MISCELLANIES.

79

Yes, — many a tranquil hour
 Enjoys he 'mid grey rocks,
 Where time o'er nature's face has thrown
 The veil of horror ; — he nor feels
 The sting of envious pride,
 Nor aught the passions heeds,
 That labour in the human breast ;
 What passes in a busy world
 Is last of all his cares :
 But let him know, that Heaven
 His stolen felicity detests.
 Why was his reason given ? To be
 Employ'd. For whom ? Himself ?
 Man to converse with man,
 And lend the mutual-aiding hand,
 Wise Heaven decrees ; nor yet excludes
Private from *public* good.
 Who wou'd not then condemn
 The hermit's choice ? He of himself
 Enamour'd, and from social ties
 Estrang'd, an useless life
 Leads in lone solitude.

Of

Oft on the hamlet's humble shed

Thou deign'st to cast thy fostering eye,

O Goddess, and art pleas'd

To bless the village-hind

With influence benign: What though

With sweating brow he earns his food; —

What though, when summer suns

Dart down the feverous beam,

The live-long day, in circling toil,

And labour ending but with life,

He plies the glebe? 'Tis thine

To solace every care; —

Thou draw'st propitious o'er his eye

Sleep's filken veil: No sigh is heard,

Nor idle wish for wealth,

Nor plaint of poverty.

No sooner mounts on quivering wing

The trilling lark at early dawn,

But vigorous from his couch

He rises to resume

The daily task; — the rose of health

Blooms on his cheek; — the rising sun

Shall

Shall view him blest alike

To-morrow as to-day.

Yes, — in his rural cot secure,

Hush'd every care, the peasant lives ;

He whistles o'er his work

Content, nor asks he more.

Yet o'er his mental eye is drawn

The dusky veil of ignorance ; —

The circling systems roll,

The tuneful planets turn ;

Thousands of glittering orbs are seen,

Spangling the skies from pole to pole,

And countless objects rise

To rouse his search ; — in vain. —

Enough for him, that he observes

The seasons come and go, — enough,

To tell when timeliest 'tis

To sow the golden grain ;

To prune the vine ; from snowy flocks

To cull the annual fleece ; to bare

The boughs of yellow fruit ; •

From waxen cells to press

The honied store ; and to commit

The sickle to the ripen'd fields ; —

These are his arts, — than these

No higher soars his mind.

O never in my lap be cast

The hermit's, or the peasant's lot, —

If *this* dull ignorance,

That selfish solitude,

Constant awaits. — Conduct my steps,

Goddeſs, to where OXONIA's towers

Lift their proud heads aloft,

And emulate the clouds ; —

Fair *Science* there her face unveils,

And eagle-ey'd *Philosophy*

Enjoys her peaceful reign ; —

There rest the tuneful *Nine* :

For erst when *Mars* with dire alarms

Shook *Greece*, they left *Parnassus'* top,

And thence to *Latium* wing'd

Their airy course ; but soon

Flying from tyranny and vice,

They next to sea-girt *Albion* came,

And

And fix'd on *Ifis*' banks:—
There many a bard sublime
Teaches the *mockful nymph* his song.
Charm'd, as he tunes the vocal shell,
Or on the *Dorian* reed
Warbles the pastoral song,
Fair *Ifis* stands to hear her son,
While scarce her listening waves are seen
To roll along the vale,
Their tribute to the main.
Contentment, there if thou would'st deign
To tread, thy votary shou'd wish,
Shelter'd beneath thy wing,
To close his eve of life.

S O N G.

I.

HASTE, *Phyllis*, haste, and let us go,
To yonder vocal grove,
Where linnets warble, turtles coo,
And chirping sparrows love.
How does the scene enchant the sight,
How sweet the zephyrs blow!
Now is the season for delight,
Haste, haste, and let us go.

II.

Ah no, the fair-one answers, no,
Too tempting is the scene;
And should a maid consent to go,
Who knows what you might mean?
But yet if love my fall ordain,
And fate has fix'd it so,
Resistance, doubtless, would be vain,
In vain to answer no.

AMANDA'S

AMANDA'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

AMANDA's born; the Gods bestow,
Each some divine perfection,
And all decreed the world below
To her shou'd pay subjection.

II.

First *Juno* gave a graceful air,
Minerva understanding;
Cythera's Goddess form'd her fair,
And *Jove* respect-commanding.

III.

The rest employ'd their ev'ry art
To deck the beauteous maid;
When *Cupid*; "Rule each human heart,
Command, and be obey'd."

O D E

To a YOUNG LADY at a Concert.

BRightest of the virgin train,
 Seen in courts or on the plain;
 Source of ev'ry pain or joy,
 Form'd to save us, or destroy;
 If a thought of human woe
 Can compell a tear to flow,
 Here, thou beauteous charmer, here,
 Drop the sympathizing tear;
 In thy breast if pity reigns,
 Heave a sigh to soothe our pains:
 But, O blush, insidious fair,
 Blush, while justice must declare
 Thee the lovely cruel cause,
 Matchless maid, of all our woes.

While to *Music's* melting flow
 Flush'd thy cheeks with deeper glow;

While

While thy love-diffusing face
Shone with more than native grace ;
While mov'd by young Desire,
All behold, and all admire ;
From thy eyes forth-issuing came,
Many a dart of scorching flame.
Round they flew in ambient air,
Wounding here, and wounding there ;
Flew in many a mazy round,
Burning where they chance to wound :
Filling with corrosive pain
Every nerve, and every vein ;
While the short-returning breath
Sure-presages hastening death.
Death in all his pomp appears,
Crouded with a thousand Fears.
Phantoms horrible arise,
Monsters of enormous size.
Springing dreadful to the sight,
Chains, and whips, and wheels affright :
But nor chain, nor whip, nor wheel,
Equals half what Lovers feel,

Forc'd to go, yet leave behind
 All that's fair of female kind;
 All that's fair, severe decree!
 All that's *excellent*, in *Thee*.

S O N G.

To CELIA.

I.

WHene'er I view my *Celia's* face,
 What pleasing joys I prove!
 Where ev'ry bold majestic grace
 Seems mollify'd by love.
 But when thy winning smiles advise
 My passion to explain,
 Each love-creating dimple flies,
 And only frowns remain.

II.

Refusing thus my joys to crown,
 This favour let me find,
 To meet me always with a frown,
 Or else be ever kind:

For

For haply, *Celia*, might I bear,
Or love or hate alone;
But thus to hope, and thus despair,
Is far too much for *one*.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

O F *Myra* long I beg'd a kiss,
And all my eloquence apply'd,
Still hoping to obtain the bliss,
Which she, still resolute, deny'd.

At length, *Revenge* succeeding prayre,
I vow'd no longer to *entreat*,
But forc'd the favour from the Fair,
And found that my *Revenge was sweet*.

SONG,

S O N G,

To Miss —.

I.

WHEN *Daphne*, form'd by every grace,
 To *Venus* first was shewn,
 Surpriz'd the Powre beheld a face,
 And form so like her own;
 Where Loves and Smiles the dimply maze
 In sweetest order join,
 As nobly emulous to raise
 The Human to Divine.

II.

Surpriz'd the Goddess saw, and smil'd,
 Sweet as the rosy day,
 And thus the Muse, in accents mild,
 Thus, faithful, heard her say:
 To charms that envy must approve,
 I half my realms resign,
 Henceforth content to reign *above*;
 Be *Mortal* Empire thine.

My

My LORD and the DOCTOR,
An EPIGRAM.

AS Dr. *Benedic* survey'd
At his own cost a Causeway made,
(For much to charity inclin'd,
He fought the good of humankind;)
My Lord *Inano* chanc'd to pass,
And thus began with front of brass;
" Ah, Doctor, much I doubt is lost
Of all this care, and all this cost;
For though the way be firm and even,
"Twill ne'er be found the way to Heaven."
" No, *that* the Doctor cries, I fear,
Because I see — your Lordship here."

A SONG

A
SONG *and* NO SONG,

About EVERY-THING *and* NOTHING.

Tune, *Derry down*, &c.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LVI.

I.

I Sing not of war, neither sing I of peace,
Nor wantons my Muse on the pleasures of ease;
I sing not of *Bacchus*, nor sing I of *Venus*,
Of *England* or *France*, or the quarrel between us.

II.

What do *I* care how quickly *Crown-Point* may
surrender,
How soon the *Monarque* will play off his *Pretender*?
Let him send forty thousand to raise a commotion,
We can spare room enough for 'em all—in the ocean.

I sing

III.

I sing not of *Grecian*, or *Roman* mad heroes,
Of *Cæsar's* high deeds, or of impious *Nero's*;
The learning of *Plato*, the language of *Tully*,
A *Cato's* stiff-neck, or the *Macedon* Bully.

IV.

I sing not the longitude *mist on*, or *hit on*,
The schemes of the *French*, or the prowess of *Britain*,
Such things have been sung of by twenty before,
And will, for aught I know, by twice twenty more.

V.

I sing not affairs of the church or the state,
The craft of the priests, or intrigues of the great.
What to me, if *N-wc-ft-e* will still keep his place,
Or *P—tt* prove too honest at last for his Grace.

VI.

I sing not the fop with his fair-weather face,
His box if perfumes, or his aukward grimace;
Who brags of amours with each impudent doxy,
Or laying so oft with my lady — by proxy.

I sing

VII.

I sing not the ogling coquet's pretty arts,
 Whose smiles make us slaves, or whose frowns break
 our hearts;
 Who scorns to comply till her bloom is decay'd,
 And repenting too late dies a wrinkled *old maid*.

VIII.

I sing not the prude's hypocritical airs,
 Surrounded with whale-bone, surrounded with cares;
 Who hates all the men, almost faints at the sight,
 And for fear of the Rakes lies with Lacquey at night.

IX.

I sing not Miss *Fanny*, nor set I before you,
 The abandon'd exploits of the daughters of *Drury*;
 Nor says, nor supposes, the chaste blushing Muse,
 That ladies retire from the court to the stews.

X.

I sing not the peevish old-maid's wicked malice,
 Still blaming her sex, and reproving its follies;
 Who calls e'ery bright-blooming beauty a strumpet,
 Because *one* has offers that *t'other* would jump at.

I sing

XI.

I sing not the scold that's eternally bawling,
Eternally ranting, and roaring, and squalling ;
Nor sing I poor-henpeck'd and hornify'd spouse,
Whom, to bring in Gallants, Madam kicks out
o'th' house.

XII.

I sing not the hot-headed heiresses' schemes,
Or the buxom young virgin's extatical dreams ;
In raptures refin'd nightly tossing and turning,
And cursing th' unwelcome approach of the
morning.

XIII.

I sing not the Blood storming windows and doors,
Demolishing watchmen, and beating up whores ;
With constables bravely maintaining the fight,
And lodging secure in a roundhouse all night.

XIV.

I sing not the sot that's eternally toping,
With mouth to receive, or emit, ever open ;

Who

Who swears that all earthly enjoyment and pleasure,
Is to drink without end, and to drink without
measure.

XV.

I sing not the schemes of the deep politician,
To humble the *French*, and bring down their
ambition ;

And make their *grand Monarque*, *ab armis & a vi*,
On stool penitential to cry out *peccavi*.

XVI.

I sing not how sagely his provident care,
Builds forts in *Virginia*, and castles in — air ;
When, alas ! all the profits his policy yields,
Is gratis procuring a Seat in *Moor-fields*.

XVII.

I sing not the hermit immur'd in a cell,
Where rigour in rags, without wisdom, may dwell ;
Nor sing I the sordid still-heaping-up Miser,
Growing just as much richer, as t'other grows
wiser.

I sing

XVIII.

I sing not what damsels have wish'd to recover,
Their honour resign'd, when the transport was over;
Nor sing I the sweet tempting rose-bud in *June*,
The fervour of *May*, or — the Man in the Moon.

XIX.

But my hearers cry, what the pox would'st thou
be at?
Thou sing'st not of this, neither sing'st thou of that:
Then a fig for the critics, however they bawl,
Because I sing — Nothing, 'faith, Nothing at all.

ANACREONTIC.

I.

TELL me, *Daphne*, dearest maid,
Whence that cold forbidding air?
Know, like *Helen* thou shalt fade,
Tho' thou art as *Hebe* fair.

II.

Soon shall nimble-footed Time,
Stealing on with filent tread,
Rob thee of thy vernal prime,
Snowing winter o'er thy head.

III.

Then, my *Daphne*, then too late,
When thy freezing blood scarce flows,
Shalt thou mourn thy hapless fate,
Doom'd to nurse a world of woes.

Doom'd

IV.

Doom'd to see thy charms neglected,
 E'ry cast-off lover's scorn;
 Doom'd to muse on joys rejected,
 Joys, ah never to return!

V.

Mark yon flaunting tulip's pride,
 Vainly lord it o'er the rest;
 And with richest tincture dy'd,
 Yon carnation's gaudy vest.

VI.

While that lovely sister-rose
 Warns thee seize the flying hour,
 See, it shoots, it buds, it blows,
 Withers, dies, and is no more.

VII.

Striking emblems of thy fate,
 How their fragrant beauties shine,
 Bloom with Sol's meridian heat,
 Drooping as his rays decline!

VIII.

Why then wilt thou flight that truth,
Which the Gods themselves approve;
Why contemn the joys of youth,
Why reject the soul of love?

IX.

Rather, since our youth decays,
And our bloom so swiftly flies,
We should use our vernal days,
E'er the storms of age arise.

X.

Tell me then, thou dearest maid,
Whence that cold forbidding air,
Since like *Helen* thou shalt fade,
Though thou art as *Hebe* fair?

S O N G.

I.

WHEN *Celia* frowning mock'd my prayres,
My sighs and lamentations,
I bore the little tyrant's airs
With fortitude and patience:
With patience all her pride I bore,
Convinc'd the case was common,
Nor once imagin'd *Celia* more
Than merely mortal woman.

II.

But when a smile adorn'd her face,
Scarce held from adoration,
I own'd the maid of heavenly race,
Yet mourn'd the transformation:
For while she frown'd, a fearful awe
For such presumption chid me;
But when her charming smiles I saw,
Those charming smiles undid me.

O D E:

Paraphrased from EXODUS *the* XVth.

I.

YE mortal choirs, your voices raise,
And let your mingled praises flow;

Pour to the *Lord* the living lays, —

He triumphs glorious o'er the foe:

The horse and crested rider hath he slain,

And whelm'd the pride of *Egypt* in the main.

He cloathes with sinewy strength mine arm,

And screens me from all hostile harm;

Of Him proceeds my song:

He is my *Father's* God and mine;

I'll offer at his hallow'd shrine

The tribute of my tongue:

'Tis *His* the rage of wasteful war to tame;

The *Lord*, the God of Gods, *JEHOVAH* is his name.

The

II.

The wheels of brass, the rattling car,
Stern *Pharoah* and his banner'd host,
His chosen Chiefs, his steeds of war,
Beneath the briny waves are lost :
On beds of ooze his helmed legions lie,
Wrapt in th' embrace of pale mortality.
What terror shook the rebel crew,
When the disparted floods they view,
In dreadful pomp return !
They strove, but all their powres were vain,
They strove the distant shore to gain,
And fly the watery urn :
Ever on thee, O *Lord*, success attends,
And to thy dreadful scourge the haughtiest hero bends.

III.

Yes, — *Egypt's* monarch deigns to bow
Before thy thunder-winged stroke,
Who dar'd profess himself thy foe,
Who dar'd thy slumbering wrath provoke :

His savage youth dissolve before thine ire,
As yields the crackling stubble to the fire.
Thy spirit breathes along the tide,
When lo! the willing waves divide,
And leave a path between;
On either hand the yawning deep,
Each ruffian tempest hush'd to sleep,
In still suspense is seen:
Old Ocean calms his breast from shore to shore,
To recognize the blast of thy superior powre.

IV.

Come we, then cries th' insulting crew,
Lo, *Israel's* dastard tribes in fight!
Let us yon cursed seed pursue,
Let us arrest them in their flight:
Our victor hands shall wounds, shall death, impart,
And sheathe our poiniards in each *Alien's* heart.
How vain their threats! — At thy command,
The winds descended from the land,
And bade the *ocean* roar;
Aghast th' astonish'd legions stood,
Now toil'd amidst the closing flood,
Then sunk, to rise no more:

Deep-plung'd beneath the swift-avenging wave,
 All shar'd one common fate, all found one wa-
 tery grave.

V.

Eternal Ruler of the sky!

Who, 'mongst the *Mighty*, e'er shall dare
 To rival thy dread majesty,

Thy sanctity, and strength in war;
 Whose word is conquest, and whose will is fate,
 And on whose nod immortal trophies wait?

No more thy favourite people groan,
 Low-bending to a tyrant's frown,

A tyrant proud and vain;
 Thy might, thy mercy, spake them free,
 And bade them spring to liberty,

From bondage and from pain:.

They saw, they felt, they blest'd thy guar-
 dian powre,
 That taught their flying feet to reach the wish'd-
 for shore.

The

VI.

The *Nations* round shall hear thy fame,
Then droop their heads furcharg'd with woe;
Proud *Palestine* shall dread thy name,
Great *Moab's* eyes with grief o'erflow;
Canaan shall quake with horror and dismay,
And trembling *Edom* own thy sovereign sway:
Fear shall the *Pagan's* heart alarm,
What time he sees thy stretch'd-out arm
Shake the vindictive rod;
His tongue a death-like silence feize,
Chill tremors smite his tottering knees,
At thy all-powerful nod:
'Till *Israel's* wandering offspring have possess'd
The mansion of their hope, the *Land of promis'd Rest*.

VII.

And lo! I see through future time,
Majestic *Salem's* towres arise:
Fair *Sion* rears her crest sublime,
And lifts her temple to the skies:

There

There shall *they* dwell ; Thou, *Lord*, shalt reign
their King,

And o'er thy *Chosen* spread thy fostering wing.

Who shall thy fix'd resolve withstand,

JEHOVAH ! — at whose high command,

We saw the waters join ;

We saw the fell *Egyptian* train,

Immers'd beneath the whelming main,

Proclaim thy powre divine ;

While safe and fearless, thro' the opening waste,

Led by their heavenly Guide, thy favour'd Peo-
ple pass'd.

The DOUBLE SINNER,*An* EPIGRAM.— *Turpis avarus**Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.*

SELF-Preservation was an Instinct given
 To every animal by bounteous Heaven ;
 Whose dictates prompt us, and whose mandates bind,
 At once to love Ourselves and all our Kind.
 But Self, the first, demands our saving care ;
 And next, our Neighbour claims an equal share.
 Within our breast 'tis nature's strong decree,
 And none, her laws transgressing, shall be free.

Then sure the man who burns with Lucre's Thirst,
 As first of wretches, is of sinners first ;
 Whose coffers teeming with unhallow'd pelf,
 At once defraud his Neighbour and Himself.

EPIG.

E P I G R A M.

CHLOE has charms divine, 'tis true,
But she has faults infernal too.

Extract the Bad, you're sure to find
A perfect Angel left behind:
But take the Good, and leave the Evil,
Remains alas! — a very Devil.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

NOW, by my faith, my honour, and my pride,
Horatio cries to his new-married bride,
By all that's good below, and blest above,
Since thou hast crown'd me with thy virtuous love;
And by the joys that virtue hath in store; —
I ne'er will know one wicked wanton more.

Nay, good my Lord, my Love, and only Life,
His Lady cries, you *should* except your *wife*.

EPIG.

EPIGRAM.

MUCH better than herself, you swear,
 You know that *Araminta's* fair.
 You say she's *chaste*; it may be true;
 But That *she* better knows than you.

Imitated from ABSTEMIUS.

I.

MY Lord, who in a single state
 His seventieth year had past,
 Resolv'd, so maggots mov'd his pate,
 To wed a *girl* at last.

II.

But when my Lady's due demands
 His Lordship could not pay,
 And night hung heavy on his hands,
 He sigh'd, and us'd to say:

“ Sweetly

III.

"Sweetly, indeed, I must allow,

That I have led my life:

A wife I *wanted* once; but now

I'm *wanting* to my wife."

IT'S ALL FOUND OUT.

A T A L E.

WHEN rising *Phæbus* pours the purple morn,
And pearly dew-drops sparkle on the thorn;

Where lucid *Eden* leads his waves along,

Not slowly dull, nor boisterously strong;

I wander'd, devious, and in homely lay,

Thus boldly chid the God of Verse and Day.

With what strange thirst for meanest falsehood fir'd,
By thy preposterous deity inspir'd,

Have ancient bards asserted that the Gods,

Descending joyful from their blest abodes,

Have quitted oft some heavenly beauty's charms,

To court a *mortal* maiden to their arms.

To

To win the Fair within the brazen tower,
Great *Jove* himself descended in a Shower;
And having try'd a thousand wanton wiles,
Was forc'd, at last, to trickle through the tiles.

For *Leda's* charms, the God became a Swan;
And pass'd with fair *Alcmena* for a Man.

In all the splendour of a God array'd,
He woo'd and won th' ambitious *Theban* maid:
And unsuspecting, chaste *Europa* mourns
His gilded Hoofs, and his deceitful Horns.

Stout *Hercules*, for love of *Lydia's* Queen,
Laid by his crab-tree staff and lion's skin,
And fir'd with hopes the dowdy jade of winning,
Set his rough fingers lustily to *spinning*;
And for his broken threads was oft content
To bear the *slipper's* slave-born chastisement.

Struck with a Mortal's form thyself, *Apollo*,
Young *Daphne* coyly flying, us'd to follow;
And panting, puffing, wheazing would'st thou cry,
" You know not, cruel creature, whom you fly;
A God am I, the God who gives the day,
The God of verse; ah! cruel *Daphne*, stay:

Stay,

Stay, *Daphne*, stay, and lend a pitying ear;
Behold my chin, and banish every fear."
But still she fled, and told Thee too, she fear'd
She ne'er could like a God without a *beard*.

Such pranks as these, as all thy tribe will say,
And twenty more, your Godships us'd to play:
But false their tales; for never yet a God,
To earth descended, and a virgin woo'd;
Or sure *Amanda*, fairest of the Fair,
Had got of suiter-deities her share;
Alone poor spouses might at home have staid,
Post-haste all Heav'n had hy'd to court the maid:
But all their tales are foolish and untrue,
The author, *Phæbus*, of that falsehood, you.

The God good-natur'd, calmly-smiling, heard,
And kindly thus my maze of error clear'd.

Nor I those tales, nor yet the poets, feign'd,
For Gods, in days of yore, would oft descend.
Amanda too is fairest of the Fair,
But Gods are not so wanton as they were.
Our captain *Jove* hath little need to roam,
Himself must stay, to keep his wife, at home.

Of all the rest extinct the wonted flame,
 They love not now, as once, their amorous game.
 And well for Thee, else long ago the Maid,
 From thy embrace, to heaven had been convey'd;
 And Thou repin'd on earth, while She above,
 Had reign'd the Consort of imperial *Jove*.

O D E.

I.

VENUS, ever gay and young,
 Hear, O hear, my plaintive song;
 Softly while my numbers flow,
 Sadly tun'd to tales of woe,
 Make a rebel nymph adore,
 Gentle Queen, thy slighted powre:
Venus, ever fair and young,
 Listen to my plaintive song.

II.

Cupid, ever kind and free,
 Next I pay my vows to Thee.

Fiercely

Fiercely rankling in her heart,
 Let her feel the fiery dart,
 Feel the dart, and feeling prove
 All the pains of flighted love :
Cupid, ever kind and free,
 Thus I pay my vows to Thee.

III.

See, accepted is my prayre, —
 Mark that pensive look and air,
 As beneath yon cypress shade
 Mourns the melancholy maid ;
 While her gently-heaving breast
 Tells me I shall soon be blest.

See, accepted is my prayre,
Celia will be kind as fair.

S O N G.

I.

IN vain, *Philander*, you pursue
What you must ne'er obtain,
In vain you dress, in vain you woo,
And sigh and vow in vain:
Your airy vows and rich attire
To me no joys impart,
'Tis naked truth that I admire,
And honesty of heart.

II.

Behold upon yon flowery lawn,
A simple shepherd lies,
Who marks each virtue for his own,
Nor knows a mean disguise:
His garb is plain, his vows are true,
In artless beauty dress;
Let *Him* say half as much as *You*,
I'll make him doubly blest.

An

An UNEXPECTED VISIT.

ONE morning, when May had enliven'd my
fancy,

Resolving to paint the perfections of *Nancy*,
I call'd upon *Phæbus*, as common the case is,
To deck the dear pourtrait with numberless graces,
As tender, yet bold, and as soft, yet as strong,
As the nymph was obliging, and modest, and young :
With love in her looks, and with ease in her air,
Both worthy the Painter, and worthy the Fair ;
Where the beauties of art, and of nature should center,
Both worthy the Fair-one, and worthy the Painter :
Uniting at once in the noble design,
What fancy could form, or what taste could refine.
Then placing my paper, and drawing my chair,
And turning my mind from the God to the Fair,
Immers'd in the pool of profound cogitation,
I quickly forgot all my former oration.
For little I dreamt that his Highness would hear,
'Till instant a bountiful box on the ear

118 MISCELLANIES.

Afforded his vot'ry no cause to complain
 That his prayre was neglected, and vented in vain.
 Then staring distracted with over-grown ire,
 He sputter'd and foam'd like a *crab* in the fire :
 He sputter'd and foam'd, and he foam'd and he
 sputter'd,

Tho' no one alive could conceive what he utter'd.
 Yet stamping, and chafing, and bouncing and
 jumping,

His meaning I too plainly guess'd by his mumping.

But striving his passion at length to assuage,
 And finding a vent-hole to pour out his rage,
 He call'd me, as loud as his Lordship could bellow,
 A saucy, presuming, impertinent fellow :
 And rearing his fist so tremendous to boot,
 (For the fist of a God is as big as one's foot)
 Advis'd, if I chose to escape a disaster,
 To quit an attempt full enough for my master.

Quite startled to think what a drubbing might
 follow,

I vow'd to desist — and away flew *Apollo*.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

LOVELY *Sylvia*, *Colin* cries,
Panting breathless o'er the plain,
Tell me why my Fair-one flies,
Why she flies her faithful swain?
Sweeter than the morning air,
Brighter than this Evening sky;
Tell me, ever-lovely Fair,
I adjure thee, tell me why.

II.

Simple Shepherd, she replies,
Novice in the wiles of love,
Forward cast thy drooping eyes,
View yon shady cypress grove:
There, no living creature near,
Hope of further flight were vain;
Nothing then had'st *thou* to fear,
There to none could *I* complain.

A N
I R R E G U L A R O D E
T O
B R I T A N N I A.

I.

A WAY, fantastic joys, away!
 Ye strive at this high hour in vain
 To lure me with your fyren lay;
 I will not listen to the strain.
 A nobler theme inspires the song:
 And now I join the tuneful throng
 Of *British* Bards, that glow with patriot fire,
 And rouse to extasy the warbling lyre.

II.

Hark! as I sweep with bolder hand
 The founding chords, on every gale
 Soft *Echo* borne along the vale,
 Salutes with filial praise my native land:

“ All

"All hail, *Britannia*, Queen of isles!

On thee stern *Mars* indulgent smiles,
Indulgent gives thy hardy sons to ride
Secure and dauntless o'er the foaming tide.

With *Fancy's* eye, with *Fancy's* ear,
I often see, I often hear,
Amid thy gloomy groves the giant oak
Low-bend and echo to the woodman's stroke :
Nor fall thy lofty oaks in vain ;
Form'd into floating towres they brave
The tenfold fury of the dashing wave,
And bear thy red-cross banners o'er the subject main.

III.

'Tis not alone thy foes to tame,
And on their ruin raise thy fame,
Those sylvan honours from thy breast are torn ;
Thy falling forests lend their aid
The wilds of ocean to pervade,
And waft a copious tribute to thy bourn :
Commerce invokes propitious gales ; —
They rise to swell the flying sails :

Now

Now thy fair coast salutes her eyes ;
 Glad *Hope* now bids her clap her wing ;
 Bids the exulting Seaman sing,
 Who kenst the well-known cliffs of towering *Albion* rise.

IV.

What though thy martial thunders roar,
 Sounding tremendous o'er the deep,
 To bid perfidious *Gallia's* shore
 Her slaughter'd sons and shatter'd bulwarks weep ?
 What though amid your rocks immur'd,
 Amid the circling seas secur'd,
 You sit serene
 The World's great Queen,
 Nor dread the insults of th' invading foe ? —
 What tho', when fostering breezes rise,
 To distant realms gay *Commerce* flies,
 To bid thy lap with foreign plenty flow ? —
 Elate with pride, thou may'st not say,
 " 'Tis affluence and 'tis potent sway,
 " That make *Britannia* blest."
 It is not wealth and sceptred power :
 By bounteous Heaven was lent a fairer dower,
 To fill with higher glee thy every *Briton's* breast.

V.

Ah! who is *She*, soft-gliding on my sight,

That angel form in snow-white robes array'd?

'Tis *She*, fair fountain of supreme delight!

'Tis *She* so long the *Briton's* heart hath sway'd:

She cheers with influence bland the toiling swain,

Who calls *Her his*, and glories in her reign.

The Nymph of yore, as yet a child,

A Patriot Prince, O *Britain*, found,

Whose arm soon rear'd her from the ground:

Cheerful she look'd, and sweetly smil'd,

And flourish'd fair beneath his fostering hand.

Around his throne she lov'd to sport,

The little Favourite of his court,

Till fell thy *Sire* at Destiny's command:

But falling he bequeath'd the Maid to THEE;

Then bade her bless thy Sons, and nam'd her

LIBERTY.

A SUITABLE RETURN.

I.

IN vain distressful *Damon* su'd,
Fair *Celia*'s love to gain,
For when the Shepherd warmest woo'd,
She met him with disdain.
In short, whate'er he said or did,
'Twas foolish, and 'twas wrong,
She always blam'd, and always bid
The Looby hold his tongue.

II.

Her voice the gentle Boy obey'd,
Tho' much against his Mind,
And kept his mourning from the Maid,
Within his breast confin'd.
Mistaking *silence* for a cure,
When *Celia* this had seen,
The thought unable to endure,
She broke her heart with spleen.

E P I G R A M.

THAT *Niger* hath *one* only vice,
Is by his very foes confest;
But here alas! the mischief lies,
'Tis one compos'd of *all the rest*.

An ODE on the COLD-BATH.

Written in the Beginning of Winter.

SHeath'd in an icy mail, and plum'd with snows,
Bleak Winter drives his tempests from the pole;
Around his head the deafening whirlwind blows,
Beneath his feet dank vapours ever roll.

At his approach *Hygeia* wings her way; —
Each suppliant strives to stay her flight in vain;
Yet, as she flies, methinks she deigns to say,
“I may return when *April* blooms again.”

Soon

Soon as dull *Morpheus*, riding on the night,
 Ceases to bathe mine eyes in slumberous dew,
 What time *Aurora*, harbinger of light,
 Waves o'er the eastern hills her banners blue;
 I'll frequent seek some fountain cold and clear,
 To woo the Naiad o'er her silver urn;
 Perchance the Naiad will be kind as fair,
 And bid *Hygeia*, ere the spring, return:
 For oft, I ween, within the lucid wave,
 Her polish'd limbs she sees the rose-lip'd Goddess lave.

E P I G R A M.

THAT *Fido's* not a *Fool*, is true,
 Or else he is a *Lyar* too;
 For *this* I'll take my oath upon,
 That *Fido* told me he was none.

TAKE

TAKE THIS AND BE THRIFTY.

To a Young Lady with a Needle threaded with green Silk.

I.

LOVELIEST of the lovely kind,
Fairest of the blooming fair,
Thou, in whom the Graces join'd
Speak thee Heaven's peculiar care;
Take the gift that friendship brings,
Hear the song that nature sings.

II.

Emblem of thy beauteous *face*,
Is the polish'd *Needle* seen;
Emblem of each *inward* grace,
Nature's never-fading *green*;
Still supplying fresh delight
To the still-admiring sight.

Stor'd

III.

Stor'd in Thee the *darts* of love,

Does the piercing *point* declare ;

And a casual wound may prove

Much thy torment and thy care ;

While the purple current shews

Many a bleeding lover's woes.

IV.

Then too late my Fair shall mourn,

When she views the clouded bier ;

Heave a sigh, and in her turn,

Drop an unavailing tear :

Sighs are vented to the wind,

Tears are vain, — the grave is blind.

V.

Pleasure calls ; — unus'd aside,

Lay awhile the gay machine :

Where is now its glittering pride ?

See how *rust* has chang'd the scene !

Soon *its* boasted beauty's flown ;

Soon alas ! will fly *thine* own.

Brighter

VI.

Brighter grows it, us'd with care;

Till by some unhappy stroke,

Knaps at once the brittle spear,

In a hundred fragments broke:

Like, how like the situation

Of the *Spear* and *Reputation*!

VII.

Parent of my infant muse,

Opening bud of every joy,

Hear thy poet, nor refuse

These his precepts to employ:

So may every good befriend thee,

So may every bliss attend thee!

IV

U N A N I M I T Y.

Occasioned by the Report that an Expedition to the Coast of France had miscarried, through Dissention among the Commanders.

IF ever Fortune fails to bless
 Our undertakings with success,
 When we have reason to confide
 She could not well forsake our side;
 Of consequence we cast about,
 To search the secret causes out.
 For if we go with willing mind,
 Occasion seldom lags behind:
 And Fortune, rightly we are told,
 Supports the active and the bold.
 Thus late to make a woful rout,
 A mighty Fleet was fitted out,
 And leaders most tremendous chosen,
 The K—'s, the D—'s, and Lord-knows-
 whose men.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to conquer, or to die,
 To faithless *France* the warriors fly,
 Where thousands, struck with sudden dread,
 From such a force full wisely fled;
 And leaving quick their naked coast,
 Gave towns and cities up for lost:
 While provinces we deem'd our own,
 And *Louis* trembled for his crown.
 When strait a strange dispute arose,
 Who first should — tweak him by the nose,
 A council's call'd; debates are high;
 I'll do't says *one*, although I die.
 Nay, cries a *second*, all agree,
 That business comes of course to me,
 And therefore in the world's despite,
 I must, and will, maintain my Right.
 But cries *another*, good my friends,
 You'll neither of you gain your ends;
 And therefore, in a single word,
 Resign the claim, or meet my sword.

While thus each breast with rancour burns,
 Occasion flies; the Fleet returns:

And *Britain's* told, with shameless face,
Of want of time, and want of place,
And want of wind, and want of force,
And wants enow — to choak a horse :
When all their wants, at length, we see,
Prove want of *Unanimity*.
“ Hence, *Britons*, by experience learn,
Your real interest to discern ;
Leave railings off, and come to blows ;
But spare your friends, and drub your foes.”

PROBABILITY.

A

T A L E.

Nec vos decipiant blandæ Mendacia Linguae.

OVID.

PROBABILITY.

A

T A L E

PROBABILITY.

A T A L E.

Humbly address'd to all those whom it may concern.

Nec vos decipiant blandæ Mendacia Linguae. OVID.

OLD Men and Travellers may lie,
You tell us, by *Authority*.

Nor yet can *this* a licence give,

To say what no one can believe:

No; thy *Relation* still should be

Confin'd to *Probability*.

A dolphin sporting in the woods,

A boar inhabiting the floods;

A mermaid fucking *Celia's* pap,

An elephant on *Delia's* lap;

A prude, who ever was afraid

She should not die a — spotless maid;

136 MISCELLANIES.

Are things, the greatest fool may see,
 That ne'er have been, nor e'er can be.
 And whatsoe'er in such a strain
 Is told us, all the labour's vain.
 We can't implicitly believe,
 And pin our faith upon thy sleeve,
 When, not content with simple fictions,
 Thou giv'st us open contradictions.
 Let all thy stories therefore be
 Confin'd to *Probability*.

Had he observ'd this golden rule,
 (For, 'faith, the fellow was no fool)
 I knew an honest *Country-squire*,
 Who might have shone a charming lyar.
 His *Meaning* though was no way bad,
 But only 'twas a *knack* he had;
 At school contracted, when a boy,
 Where oft the waggish lads employ
 Their idle hours in nobly trying
 Whose talent is the best at *lying*,
 While for the victor is decreed
 A plumb or pear, the glorious meed.

Here

Here *Bob* from all the other boys,
 Triumphant us'd to bear the prize;
 Till at the last his name was grown
 To such a wonder of renown,
 That did our *hero* mount the stage,
 None else would venture to engage.
 For like to *Philip's* conquering *Son*,
 The mighty prince of *Macedon*,
 Fair Victory fate perch'd for ever,
 Upon the corner of his *beaver*.
 And custom, that's the truth o' th' matter,
 Was now become a second nature.
 Perhaps, a vain desire of glory
 Might help to swell the pompous story:
 But that concerns not thee or me,
 Accuse him when thyself art free.
 Suffice, my friend, suffice it now,
 For me to tell, or thee to know,
 He had succeeded wondrous well,
 Had he observed the *Probable*.

Yet was this rule so often broke,
 That none believ'd a word he spoke.

Believe

Believe him, or believe him not,
The 'Squire regarded ne'er a jot;
'Twas quite the same; he still went on,
To tell what *wonders* he had done.
One night, ere yet expected down,
To country-seat from smoky town,
Where *Buck* had been, two days before,
To see a play, and — nothing more;
When all the happy house were set
To whist, backgammon, or picquet,<
And each was merry blythe and free,
As health and innocence could be;
In bolts the 'Squire: — but what a fight!
Was ever such a woful wight!
Inch-deep his boots were daub'd with dirt;
In tatters hung his bloody shirt.
Of jockey-size his velvet cap,
(O fortune dire, O hard mishap;
A sight how doleful to be seen!)
In puddle most profound had been;
His *buckskins*, late both neat and new,
Were wet and dirtied through and through.

In short our hero's happy dress,
 From head to foot might well express,
 Affisted by his batter'd face,
 The dreadful tidings of his case.
 A china-jar, he stumbling, broke,
 Then smack'd his whip, and thus he spoke.

“ Here *Ned*, you scoundrel, whorefson, here,
 Go fetch me *that* there full of beer:
 And let it be, my honest *Ned*,
 The strongest, or I'll break your head.
 Do you, my pretty *Poll*, take care
 A toast and nutmeg to prepare.”

The beer was to his order brought,
 And thrice he took a hearty draught;
 Then plac'd at ease, an happy man,
 In elbow-chair, he thus began.

“ 'Twas just at Three, when *Jack* and I,
 (And *Jack* you know's a jolly boy,)
 Came from those blifs-diffusing Fair,
 Where every swain forgets his care;
 Where still a ready cure is found
 For every smart, and every wound:

Those

Those blisful Fair who ne'er perplex,
And plague us, like their silly sex,
But soon with genial warmth inspire,
And soon suppress the glowing fire.
No star supply'd its twinkling light
To cheer the gloomy face of night,
Nor lamp diffus'd one blinking ray,
To guide us on our murky way;
Yet lion-like along we stray'd,
Regardless where our noses led;
And stroll'd at length to *Gro'venor-square*,
Where each resolv'd to take a *chair*.
For my part, freely I confess,
I ne'er admir'd a prison less:
So cag'd I ne'er had been before,
And trust I never shall be more.
But in I ventur'd, right or wrong,
And bade the black-guards *drive along*.

While thus confin'd we pass in silence;
And now conclude we're gone a mile hence:
When marching heedless from my chair,
A faucy dog demands his *fare*.

Thy

Thy *fare* ! quoth I ; I'll cut thy throat,
Ere thou shalt have a single groat :
Why, very pretty too, I swear,
To ask a *Justice* for thy *fare* !
March off, thou whoreson, or, dost see,
I'll put thee into *custody*.
Come, Sir, my *fare*, the mongrel hollows,
My *fare* I say, or take what follows !

I thought it much the better way,
To stop the fellow's mouth than pay ;
So took the dog a swingeing thwack,
And laid him sprawling on his back.

At this the rascal roars and bawls,
So loud he might be heard to *Paul's* ;
And, instant, all the other *Three*
Fell foul upon poor *Jack* and *Me* :
Which *four*, though thus unfairly match'd,
We *two* had presently dispatch'd,
Had not some brutes with hugeous staves,
Come up to go the villains' halves.
Six were the fewest I am sure,
(No, not a single cypher fewer ;)

And

And *four* before, and now these *seven*,
If join'd, you know, make just *eleven*.
Well, *twelve* the number, be it so ;
With those *thirteen* to work we go :
And how tremendous was the war,
Let broken heads and sticks declare !

Ten clubs at once heav'd o'er my head,
Enow to knock a bullock dead !
(I saw, and told 'em plain enough,)
With this left arm I warded off ;
And then collecting all my might,
I fell'd the monsters with my right.

Here might be seen in woful case,
A nose beat flat upon the face ;
So flat that no one could have known
That there a nose had ever grown.
And in another you might note
His every tooth knock'd down his throat.
And here a yawning gash as wide
As that where noble *Curtius* dy'd ;
With broken legs and arms in plenty,
And fractur'd skulls, some ten or twenty.

Nay,

Nay, to our glory be it said,
 Full many a man we left for dead :
 But whether dead in fact they were,
 In faith, I neither know nor care ;
 For that concern, belike, requires
 The Surgeon's care, and not the 'Squire's.

His vessel now was nearly drain'd ;
 All thought his story at an end :
 All thought, as much they wish'd it too ;
 But what can empty wishes do ?
 For now (alas, where ends their trouble !)
 The 'Squire began to see things double :
 And though but twenty fell before,
 They quickly grew to twenty more :
 And all the wonderful relation
 Receiv'd its equal augmentation ;
 Till every tortur'd breast begun
 To fear he never would have done.

At length the kind *Lethean* God
 Shook o'er his brow the drowsy rod,
 That frees the slave from grating bands,
 And ties the bloody ruffian's hands :

That

That quells the trembling coward's fear,
And stays the helpless orphan's tear;
Makes *France* forget th' avenging steel,
And *George* desert his country's weal:
That seals our hero's half-shut eyes,
Secures his tongue, and stops his lyes.

Now, had he told us, for a *score*,
They *two* had thresh'd some *three* or *four*,
We might have own'd the man had spirit,
And paid its due *reward* to *merit*.

But this accumulated tale
So far exceeds the *Probable*,
That all may see with half an Eye,
From first to last, 'tis all a lye.

Then mind, my friend, to keep in view,
In every tale, what *may* be true;
Else, further proof we need not ask,
For, of itself, will drop the mask:
We see to what thou woud'st aspire,
Detect, confute, expose the lyar.

S O N G.

I.

LONG in freedom's cause I arm'd me,
Long for liberty I strove,
Till my smiling *Chloe* warm'd me,
And rewarded with her love.

II.

Hence away, repining slander,
Nor my faithful flame reprove;
Cease, ye Libertines, to wander,
Bliss alone belongs to love.

III.

Monarchs, think yourselves inferior
Only to the Gods above,
To a monarch far superior,
Blest am *I* with *Chloe's* love.

IV.

Pomp of courts my joy furpasses,
 While within some shady grove,
 Fix'd I gaze on *Chloe's* graces,
 And am blest with *Chloe's* love.

V.

Farewell riot's painful pleasure,
 Truer joys I mean to prove,
 And secure a living treasure,
 Blest with *Chloe's* lasting love.

VI.

Speed your way, ye winged hours,
 Quick ye nimble minutes move,
 Till upon me *Hymen* pours
 Bliss divine from *Chloe's* love.

E P I G R A M.

'TIS odd, I must own, but a positive truth,
 That *Ned* never *speaks*, but he — opens
 his mouth.

Upon

Upon being asked — what an EPIGRAM was ?

WHAT is an *Epigram*, you ask ;
 To answer is no easy task :
 But yet, right positive I am,
 That *this* should be an *Epigram*.

The S U R P R I S E.

*Somnia me terrent veros imitantia casus,
 Et vigilant sensus, in mea damna, mei.*

THOU rascally whorefson, says *Richard* to *Ned*,
 With whom, the last night, did I see thee
 in bed ?

Ay, stare as thou wilt ! but its true by my life,
 I saw neighbour *Edward* a kissing my wife.
 I saw, when you met, all your wantoning airs ;
 Then saw thee right gallantly hand her up stairs.

In short, to let idle description alone,
 I saw and heard *all* that was said and was done.
 How! where! bellows *Ned*, in a horrible fright;
 I verily thought you abroad all the night.
 Ay, so, replies *Dick*, it might possibly seem;
 And, to tell you the truth, it was only a *dream*.

Indeed, answers *Ned*, (now his panic was o'er,)
 I am heartily glad that it proves nothing more;
 For, 'faith, (not to make any quarrel between us,)
 I was in some fear thou hadst *really* seen us.

E P I T A P H.

HER soul inform'd with ev'ry softer grace,
 Youth's gayest honours opening in her face,
 Fair as the flow'r that drinks the vernal dew,
 As sweet, as bright, — and ah! as transient too:
 Such was the maid, on whose untimely herse,
 Flows the sad tribute of this humble verse:
 Attend, ye fair, ye young, the moral lay;
 The term of youth, of life, is but a day.

The REASONABLE WIFE.*An* EPIGRAM.

FOR shame, cries out *Nell* to her husband,
for shame,
When she caught him too free with a girl of bad fame:
'Tis monstrous to lead such a dissolute life;
If thou wilt have a whore, prithee come to — thy wife.

VERSES *written upon a blank Leaf in a*
Young Lady's GAY'S FABLES.

TO please, and pleasing to amend us,
To mark our faults, and not offend us;
From vice the surest way of weaning;
In fable *Gay* hath couch'd his meaning;
And while the bard himself is mute,
We 're told our foibles by a brute.
Are courts condemn'd? — we own 'tis hard;
But blame the brute, and not the bard.

Are ladies lash'd? — 'twas ne'er intended;
But brutes *will* talk, and who can mend it?

Thus, if to some victorious dame,
A lover longs to tell his flame,
Yet fears that in a point so tender,
His aukward Speeches may offend her;
'Tis best perhaps to watch his time,
And pop his passion into rhyme;
Which oft, you know, in our despite,
The jingling *Heliconians* write:
And how can mortals mend the matter,
If muses chaunt, or monkeys chatter?

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

A SONG: To CHLOE.

I.

YES, thou beauty hast, I own,
Chloe, that each heart surprises;
Yet thou may'st without a frown,
Hear what prudence now advises.

Though

II.

Though with every charm array'd,
 Thou exultest in their splendour ;
 Know that every charm will fade,
 Beauty's buds are frail and tender.

III.

By experience thou wilt find,
 When advancing years o'ertake thee,
 Thou may'st sorrow to the wind,
 Every suiter will forsake thee.

IV.

Come then, *Chloe*, to my arms,
 Ere thy bloom of beauty's over ;
 'Twill, at once, improve thy charms,
 And beatify thy lover.

Sent with a WOOD-LARK.

I.

GO, sweetest of the tuneful throng,
To *Delia* speed thy way;
And learn from her sublimer song,
A yet more melting lay.

II.

When *Phæbus* at the dawning day,
Illumes the chearful skies,
In softest notes my love display,
And bid my *Delia* rise.

III.

When night assumes her peaceful reign,
In sober sable drest,
Let love be breath'd in every strain,
And soothe her soul to rest.

A VERY

A VERY PLAIN CASE.

To CHLOE.

I.

ATTEND, my *Chloe*, to the lays,
 The muse is now inditing;
 For 'tis a point the muse essays
 To set your errors right in.

II.

I beg'd a kiss with reverence due,
 But you, without contrition,
 Refus'd the boon, unless you knew
 The cause of my petition.

III.

But mark, my *Chloe*, mark me This,
 Nor still delight to tease one,
 'Tis easier far to grant the bliss,
 Than 'tis to hear the reason.

And

IV.

And if, at once, two evils press,
 'Tis doubtless much discreeter,
 With patience to receive the less,
 Than combat with the greater.

The CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.*An* EPIGRAM.

CRIES *Ned* to his neighbours, as forward
 they press,
 Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
 Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
 For why should we thus make a *toil* of *pleasure*?

A N
E L E G Y

On the DEATH of His LATE MAJESTY.

Printed, with Additions, from the OXFORD COLLECTION.

TO THE KING.

I.

FROM every eye while tears unnumber'd flow,
While every muse attunes her solemn strains,
To paint in all the energy of woe,
The loss that *Britain* in her Sire sustains :

II.

Be mine to glory's race, with virtue run,
With generous warmth to wake the willing lyre;
To mourn the hero, and to prompt the son,
Britannia's Son, to emulate the Sire.

"Twas

III.

'Twas his the calls of misery to calm,
'Twas his to aid the wretched and oppress'd ;
'Twas his to mix, and pour the healing balm
Of lenient comfort, o'er the wounded breast.

IV.

His was the inborn greatness of the mind,
When foul Contention o'er his kingdoms ran,
To spare the fatal follies of his kind,
And drop the injur'd monarch in the man.

V.

'Twas his to heed the widow's tearful eye ;
'Twas his the helpless orphan to defend :
To wipe the moisten'd cheek of wailing dry,
And act the prince, the father, and the friend.

VI.

'Twas his, when deaf to mercy's tender cries,
Insulting nations call'd his Justice forth,
To bid his ministers of wrath chastise
The mighty *Nimrods* of the bleeding earth.

VII.

So when forth-issuing with collected force,
 Obedient to *Jehovah's* high command,
 The whirlwind sweeps with desolating course,
 O'er all the borders of an impious land :

VIII.

Each haughty pine that lifts his towering head,
 The frowns of nature daring to deride,
 In wasteful ruin o'er the plain is spread,
 To mourn the fatal consequence of pride.

IX.

But the meek osier of an humbler size,
 Whose boughs elastic teach her to conform,
 The victor spares ; and bids the suppliant rise,
 Uninjur'd, from the fury of the storm.

X.

'Twas thus He humbled each presuming foe,
 Who fondly deem'd his utmost wrath to dare :
 'Twas thus, when conquest taught the neck to bow,
 He taught the justice of his sword to spare.

But

XI.

But ah! what hand avails, in fair array,
To draw his matchless, countless merits forth;
What tongue can celebrate, what pen display,
His regal wisdom, or his social worth?

XII.

Yet, though no farther dares the muse aspire,
Where full perfection bursts upon the view;
She'll point the path to make the world admire
His every virtue blooming fair in *You*.

XIII.

Be thine, when injur'd innocence complains,
To lend the suppliant call a willing ear;
Be thine the generous heart that freely deigns,
Her suit, when modest merit sues, to hear.

XIV.

Be thine, should Faction rear her Hydra head,
(Which Heaven avert thy happier days should prove)
Be thine the soul to strike the monster dead,
And reign unrival'd in thy nation's love.

Be

XV.

Be thine, as late thy royal Grandfire's pride,
With faith inviolate, and steady hand,
The mighty reins of government to guide,
And spread thy peaceful blessings o'er the land.

XVI.

But should *oppression* lift her crest on high,
Should *desolation* shake her iron rod,
With impious force presuming to defy
The laws of nature, and of nature's God:

XVII.

Be thine the kingly task, as his before,
To bid thy fleet her martial thunders roll,
To either *India's* unrepining shore,
And bear *deliverance* to the farthest pole.

XVIII.

And when thine arms have laid the tyrants low,
Be thine to bid the rage of battle cease,
Inthron'd in triumph only to bestow
The lasting joys of liberty and peace.

XIX.

So shall thy duteous people, free and brave,
Still own a GEORGE'S Heaven-directed sway;
For while they scorn the abject name of slave,
Fair freedom still shall teach them to obey.

XX.

So shall, while Heaven prolongs thy gracious reign,
Or calls his servant to partake his rest,
Thy equal virtues equal praises gain,
Below be honour'd, and above be blest.

The C O N V E R T.
A S O N G.

I.

AS *Damon*, at the close of day,
With *Celia* sweetly straying,
Due homage to the blooming May,
And Beauty's Queen, was paying;
He clasp'd the virgin to his heart,
Though feigning coy dissention,
And beg'd some precepts to impart,
That claim'd her best attention.

II.

The Fair-one blush'd, and strove to chide,
Though ev'n in passion pleasing,
And cease, O *Damon*, cease, she cry'd,
This naughtiness and teasing;
And still observe, whene'er inclin'd
To prove a sage adviser,
That lessons taught against the mind
Will never make us wiser.

III.

The Fair-one frown'd ; but laughing Love

Her coyness quickly ended,

As *Damon* to a myrtle grove

The blushing maid attended ;

Where *Celia* cry'd, (though all the rest

Was hid from Man's discerning)

" If thus by wisdom we are blest,

May *I* be ever learning."

VERSES written on a blank Leaf of the UNION,
which was presented to a Young Lady.]

HERE in one maze of harmony unite,
The manly, soft, the simple, and polite.

Here virtuous *Lowth's* majestic Lays explain

The bliss arising from a *Saviour's* reign.

Here *Fancy* strong in *Warton's* genius flows :

A *Brother*, here, asserts his *Oxford's* cause.

Here *Hammond's* plaints in melting softness prove

The fears, the hopes, the elegance of Love.

Here

Here *Smollett's* undissembled warmth we trace:

Here sweet *Musæus* pours his every grace.

Here Contemplation leads her *Gray* along,

In all the sweet simplicity of song.

Here *Akenfide* on soaring wing pursues

The vast excursions of the *Grecian Muse*.

While Scottish bards and English numbers raise

Our equal wonder, and our equal praise.

Might *I*, my Fair, as their example fires,

But speak the wish that purity inspires,

Our Hearts a *kindred Union* should compose; —

The *northern Thistle*, and the *southern Rose*.

S O L I L O Q U Y

On the Death of a FRIEND.

*Virtus, recludens immeritis mori**Coelum, negata tentat iter via;**Coetusque vulgares, & udam**Spernit humum fugiente penna.*

HOR.

VAIN are the sculptur'd honours of the tomb,
 And vain the flattering monumental verse.
 The verse or breathing marble's longest date,
 Is but a point of some few centuries,
 A trifling, founding, cozening, empty *Nothing*.
 'Tis Virtue only, darling of the skies,
 Can eternize her votary's holy name,
 And keep it safe amid the rust of years,
 Unfullied, uncorroded. She alone
 Can give what all desire, and all may gain,
 Can give blest *Immortality* to *Man*.

She,

She, my *Lorenzo*, mine alas no more !
(If 'tis allow'd us from external actions,
To judge the secret feelings of the Soul,)
Was thy conductress through the paths of life,
By *thee* too quickly trod. — But so the great,
The omniscient Godhead wisely had decreed ;
And his command, his high, his just command,
Shall vain, presuming, impious *Man* oppose ?

Why then, my heart, that deep unbidden sigh ?
Why steals the tear adown my moisten'd cheek ?
'Tis Nature dictates ; and in pride's despite,
In spite of *Stoics'* apathetic madness,
Nature will bear down each opposing precept,
And force us, by the tribute of a tear,
To assume the *Man* ; While Reason, meek-ey'd maid,
To generous, gentle Pity near-ally'd,
Commands us pay (but pay in moderation)
The debt of Friendship to a Friend deceas'd.

Such, such wast Thou ; a generous, faithful Friend ;
A friend to *Me*, a friend to *Humankind*.

166 MISCELLANIES.

Pour then, my swelling heart, the load of woe
That weighs thee down, and give thy sorrows vent.
Free let them flow, an offering to his shade,
Whom snake-hung *Envy's* self could ne'er condemn.
Whom candour, virtue, justice, all applaud.

EPIGRAM.

An detur Privatio ante Habitum? Neg'.

FOR reasons oft the vulgar press,
Nor think they can be had,
Why those who greatest parts possess,
Should run the oft'nest mad?

But well the case *Adunco* hits,
Whose answer is, that those
Are likest far to lose their wits
Who have their wits to lose.

HOR.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE XX. Burlesqued.

To ELLIS ST. JOHN, Esq; on the Author's going
from the University.

I.

NO more on trembling tender wing,
Of no accustom'd theme to sing,
Now do I deign to soar;
But boldly borne in upper air,
To *Medway's* nobler banks repair,
To visit *Queen's* no more.

II.

On towering pinions through the sky,
To *Kentish-Wilds* I nobly fly,
One half a *Country-Curate*;
And half a furly *Pedagogue*,
To tutor licens'd, and to flog,
The greatest — dunce in *Europe*.

III.

Him, whom my *St. John* oft has seen,
In shirt, that once perhaps — was clean,
Exalted in a garret,
On many a knotty point intent;
Shall many a mighty *Man of Kent*,
With admiration stare at.

IV.

My wondrous deeds and fearful name,
Expanded o'er the realms of fame,
Shall strike all envy dumb;
In living characters display'd,
By many a deep *impression* made
On many a bleeding *bum*.

V.

Ev'n now my pride in fancy feels
The night-gown dangling at my heels,
As 'custom'd laws determine;
And loud I give each stern command,
While quivering *Birch* bedecks my hand,
To fright the pigmy vermin.

London,

VI.

London, thy towres I now approach,
 With ready complaisance, and coach
 To thrust each puling cub in :
 Ev'n *Hounslow* shall revere my name,
 And *Hockley* own my juster claim,
 To give her *Bears* a *drubbing*.

VII.

Of *Country-Clown*, or booby *Cit*,
 I'll break the pate, or force the wit,
 If haply wit in such is ;
 And frisk the bums, and pull the ears,
 Of '*Squires*, and *Baronets*, and *Peers*,
 When once within my clutches.

VIII.

If senseless should the *Brat* remain,
 And scorn to whimper and complain,
 The powres of birch defying,
 I'll oft repeat each sturdy blow,
 Till penitence begin to flow,
 Then trounce him well for crying.

Though

IX.

Though frequent starts the trickling tear,

Though plenteous bloody bumps appear,

I'll drown remorse and sorrow :

No fruitless prayre shall move my breast,

Or if *To-night* I let him rest,

I'll flog again *To-morrow*.

Her ORIGIN. *To* CHLOE.

Imitated from CARM. QUADR.

TO form a Nymph divinely fair,

Whom each perfection crown'd,

Fond Love employ'd his every care,

And search'd the world around.

From different parts a shape, a face,

The anxious Godhead stole ;

The modest blush, the artless grace,

That wins the inmost soul.

Each

Each charm from *all* he wisely chose

And mix'd with nicest art;

And hence the beauteous *Chloe* rose

To win each human heart.

His various *Venus* thus of old

The *Grecian Artist* drew;

A rival beauty we behold

Thus form'd, my Fair, in *You*.

S O N G.

I.

FROM all the little thefts of love,

By purest passion best enjoy'd,

You ask what pleasures I can prove,

And wonder I am never cloy'd.

II.

I beg'd a kiss; you heard my prayre,

Nor let me long entreat in vain;

But fondly hop'd, I should not dare,

Infatiate Man! to ask again.

Yet

III.

Yet still a supplicating slave,
 Alike impatient as before,
 A thousand kisses yet I crave,
 And yet ten thousand thousand more.

IV.

For while your charms remain the same,
 Those charms will ever aid desire;
 And where such fuel feeds the flame,
 How can that growing flame expire?

CUPID *instructing* his MOTHER.

WHEN *Venus* heard the melting song
 That warbled from her *Delia's* tongue,
 In every grace compleat;
 "Sure nought on earth, the Goddess cry'd,
 As on each trembling note she dy'd,
 Was ever half so *sweet*."

But

But laughing *Love*, who chanc'd to hear,

With wishful look, and wanton leer,

Thought fit to interpose :

“ Though *Music* yields so *sweet* a sound,

Yet *sweeter* must those *Lips* be found,

From whence that *Music* flows ?” —

On the Same Occasion.

TO DELIA *Singing.*

YES, my Fair, to thee belong
All the noblest powres of song.

Trust me, for I scorn deceit,

Nought on earth is half so sweet,

As the melting, dying note,

Warbling through thy liquid throat,

Save the breath in which it flows,

Save the lip on which it grows.

The R E Q U I T A L.
A S O N G.

I.

WITH every charm was *Chloe* blest,
That mortal maid could boast,
By all admir'd, by all carest,
The Beauty and the Toast.
Whate'er she did, whate'er she said,
In earnest or in joke,
Her actions every charm display'd,
'Twas Rapture all she spoke.

II.

The dying swains around her throng,
Their mighty pains to prove;
And each declar'd how well, how long,
How constant he could love:
Each vow'd no time should e'er deface
Her beauties from his breast;
Each vow'd, and with peculiar grace,
Blush'd, sigh'd, or look'd the rest.

But

III.

But still unmov'd the maid remain'd

To every pleading prayre;

Each unavailing vow disdain'd,

And laugh'd at all their care:

To all their looks and all their sighs,

Deaf, obstinate, and blind;

Her bosom cold as winter's ice,

Unfix'd as winter's wind.

IV.

But soon her sprightly bloom decays,

Her charms are quickly o'er;

The rose of youth deserts her face,

And beauty is no more:

The wiser shepherds, in their turn,

Some fairer nymph pursue,

And hapless *Chloe's* left to mourn

The joys she never knew.

The REMONSTRANCE.

To SYLVIA.

WHAT joy, my *Sylvia*, canst thou find
In trifling hours away,

To view those charms which Heaven design'd
Each moment should decay?

For Time in every toil's despite,
Shall every charm impair,
Shall spoil those eyes that shine so bright,
And face that blooms so fair.

But would'st thou know the surest art
To stay each fleeting grace,
Her standard fix'd within thy heart,
Let fairest Virtue place.

She shall preserve thy charms entire,
In beauty's vernal bloom;
She shall unfading joys inspire,
And triumph o'er the tomb.

VERSES

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE

Death of a VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

*Purpureus veluti cum flos succifus aratro
 Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
 Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.* VIRG.

I.

EMerging from its early bed,
 Ere winter's chilly blasts are gone,
 A tender floweret lifts its head,
 And sees a weak and clouded sun.

II.

The nipping frost, or rattling shower,
 The product of inclement skies,
 Attacks the little blooming flower,
 That quickly droops its leaf and dies.

III.

So, *Lycidas*, too charming Youth,
Thy early bloom caught every eye;
Weep wisdom, innocence, and truth,
That he was born, so soon to die.

IV.

But yester-morn I saw him pass
His leisure hours in sportive play;
I saw indeed, — and yet alas!
The darling boy is dead to day.

V.

Hence learn, ye wanton, to be wise,
Hence early learn, ye young and gay,
That life's a flowre that quickly dies,
And youth the the tenant of a day.

A B S E N C E:

An ELEGY.

Aret ager : vitio moriens stitit æris herba ;

Liber pampineas invidet collibus umbras.

Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit :

Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri. VIRG.

I.

THRICE has this globe its course diurnal run ;

Thrice has this moon display'd her silver light ;
And thrice yon mount hath seen the rising sun,
Since last *Ophelia* blest my happy sight.

II.

What wondrous bliss each passing hour supply'd !

Such bliss no mortal ever knew before.

What cruel fates our mutual joys divide !

Perhaps divided to unite no more.

III.

In vain I speed upon the wings of love,
To every near, and every distant plain :
I vainly search each solitary grove,
And trace the forest's lonely walks in vain.

IV.

From purple morning to the dews of eve,
From dewy evening to the purple morn,
I vainly roam, and roaming, vainly grieve,
And hope for joys that never *may* return.

V.

What change could tempt, what passion could convey,
The lov'd *Ophelia* from her native plains ?
What daring ravisher compell'd away,
What fear remov'd her, or what force retains ?

VI.

Perhaps, ev'n now, the ruthless monster holds
Her tender bosom in his brawny arms ;
With horrid smile her slender waist enfolds,
And feeds with lustful vigour on her charms.

VII.

I see the Fiend high-flaming with desire;
 I hear too plain *Opbelia's* helpless cries:
 Her cheeks are sanguin'd with indignant fire;
 And lust grows wanton in the monster's eyes.

VIII.

I come, foul Fiend, to end th' unequal strife,
 I come, foul Fiend, to check thy vile delight. —
 Eternal horrors seize thy guilty life,
 And quick convey thee to the realms of night.

IX.

Thus to thy heart I plunge the vengeful blade,
 Ere yet thy lust hath done the brutal deed. —
 Fond wretch, thy purpose was in time delay'd,
 And fair *Opbelia* by the stroke is freed.

X.

Come to my arms, thou yet untainted Fair,
 And let me kiss those falling tears away:
 Bless, bless the man who sav'd thee from despair,
 And from destruction snatch'd the trembling prey.

XI.

Come to my arms expanded to receive

The choicest gift that Heaven has left in store :

For say, what greater boon kind Heaven can give,

Or say, could impious mortal ask for more ?

XII.

Well do the Gods reward my toils at last,

And well kind love Love his guardian care employs ;

Who makes us number pains and dangers past,

To swell the vast amount of present joys.

XIII.

Heaven grant these pleasures may not soon decay,

For vast extremes will seldom long remain :

Heaven grant the vision may not fleet away,

And present joys expire in future pain.

XIV.

Alas, too sure the transient raptures fade,

Too sure, too fast, each fair idea flies :

The flowery forms dissolve that Fancy made,

And nought but dreary, barren wilds arise.

Where

XV.

Where late the towering Cedar fought the sky,
 Where late the humbler sweeter Myrtle grew;
 With horrid aspect meet my lothing eye
 The poisonous Nightshade, and the baleful Yew.

XVI.

Where late the Woodbine join'd the virgin Rose,
 Where blow'd the Jessamine sweet and Lily fair;
 Cold Aconite in wild profusion grows,
 And Hemloc's breath defiles the tainted air. —

XVII.

'Twas all delusion; — I no menace heard,
 No plaintive prayre, no agonizing cries;
 No brutal actions, but in thought, appear'd,
 No struggling damsel met these doting eyes.

XVIII.

No lust-impassion'd ravisher I found,
 I freed no virgin from the pangs of woe;
 In her destroyer's breast I fix'd no wound,
 Nor sent a monster to the shades below.

XIX.

'Twas all delusion ; — vain are all my cares,
I still am left afflicted, and alone ;
Vain are my searches yet, and vain my prayres,
And fair *Ophelia* yet may be undone.

XX.

Forbid it, Heaven ; forbid my fond alarms ;
Preserve the maid from every danger free ;
O safe preserve her unassaulted charms,
And give her quickly back to *Love* and *Me*.

XXI.

She comes not yet ; — nor yet the maid appears ; —
Her long delay this tortur'd heart will break :
O, 'tis an *Absence* of a thousand years ;
It seems a tedious century while I speak.

XXII.

Come, heavenly Fair, and soothe my racking pain,
O quickly come, and bless my aching sight ;
And every Joy shall revel in thy train,
And every sense grow wanton with delight.

How

XXIII.

How fond alas are all the Lover's dreams!

What brightening prospects can my griefs assuage?

An irksome hour each tedious minute seems;

Each hour a day, and every day an age.

XXIV.

Ophelia, come; my banish'd peace restore;

The lovely smile of chearful hope display:

A moment then shall seem each fleeting hour,

And time itself too quickly steal away.

LOVE *and* REASON.

I.

WHAT mean, my heart, those heaving sighs !
 What vast disorder'd passions rise,
 At *Sylvia's* darling name !
 'Tis Love, — ah ! kill the fond desire,
 Let Reason nobler thought inspire,
 And quench the rising flame.

II.

Let not the tyrant God controul,
 But nobler motives sway the soul,
 And worthier deeds inspire ;
 Heed not those looks, those killing eyes ;
 'Tis great, 'tis godlike to despise
 What all mankind admire.

III.

The bravest heroes shunn'd the charms
 Of false deluding woman's arms,

And

And gain'd immortal fame:
But *they*, whose tender yielding hearts
A victim fell to female arts,
Are now without a name.

IV.

But soon the warring thoughts subside,
While powerful Reason thus reply'd
(And who shall disapprove ?)
" The maid whom every virtue warms,
The maid whose every action charms,
'Tis godlike thus to love."

The REQUEST.
To CUPID.

I.

STillest silence reigns around,
Save the lonely knell I hear,
Warning with its solemn sound,
Nightly phantoms to appear.

Through

II.

Through this deep sequester'd grove,
 Sadly-pensive as I stray,
 Tell me, gentle God of Love,
 How shall I the boon repay?

III.

For, indeed, 'tis kindly done,
 Thus to guide my steps aright;
 Thus to lead me, while alone,
 Through the awful gloom of night.

IV.

Would'st thou add a favour more,
 Hastening to my *Delia*, say,
 How in Darkness I deplore,
 Till her *presence* brings the Day.

O D E.

To SYLVIA.

I.

FAIR is *Flora's* pride, the *Rose*,
Fair the *Lily's* silver hue.
Countless beauties *they* disclose,
Countless beauties bloom in *you*.

II.

Though the fragrant *Roses* fair
Odour's purest breath exhale;
Though the *Lilies* scent the air,
Strewing sweets in every gale :

III.

Soon their fleeting charms decay,
Soon they droop the languid head;
Sweet they breathe at early Day,
Evening finds their fragrance fled.

Though

IV.

Though they bloom in all their grate,
Sylvia, be the truth confest,
 'Tis the *Rose* that decks thy face,
 Those are *Lilies* on thy breast.

A CALL to GRATITUDE.

To CHLOE.

I.

O SAY, thou cruel, charming Fair,
 How long must I endure
 Those love-inflicted wounds I bear,
 Nor hope to find a cure?
 Say, why on me you thus employ
 Each token of disdain;
 Or say, why all your sex's joy
 Is placed in others pain?

O think,

II.

O think, and let the thought recall
 Compassion to your breast,
 That but for faithless *woman's* fall,
Mankind had yet been blest:
 But loving more than tongue can tell,
 From Eden were we driven,
 And for the Fair-one chose to sell
 A Paradise and Heaven.

III.

Our loss, while yet 'tis in your powre,
 Do *you* in part repay,
 And seize, my Fair, the proffer'd hour,
 To wash your guilt away:
 For *us*, in turn, your care employ,
 To *us* so justly due;
 And let at least *one* wretch enjoy
 A Paradise in *You*.

ANACREONTIC.

I.

ASK not why I penfive rove,
O'er the lawn, or through the grove,
Now when night has reach'd its noon,
Pleas'd with yonder stars and moon.

II.

In that beauteous Orb of night,
Gently-streaming on the sight,
I can fondly, freely trace
Myra's fair-reflected face.

III.

On those stars' promiscuous rays
I could ever gladly gaze,
While my ravish'd soul discries
There the lustre of her eyes.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

I.

YE swains, that love the sylvan scene,
 Ye flocks, that wanton o'er the green,
 Ye warblers of the grove,
 In chearful song, and festive play,
 Prepare the dance, and join the lay
 Of Harmony and Love.

II.

For sure if *Cupid's* matchless art,
 That wins the idol of our heart,
 Can aught of bliss supply;
 Search' all the mighty globe around,
 A swain so true shall ne'er be found
 So greatly blest as I.

III.

'Twas when the sultry sun withdrew,
 And Evening shed her balmy dew,

O

To

To heal the thirsty plain;
I *Delia* met in yonder grove,
And told the tender tale of love,
Nor told the tale in vain.

IV.

Confus'd at first she strove to chide,
While frowns affected vainly try'd
Her beauties to deform:
But though she cried 'twas much amiss,
I sooth'd her anger with a kiss,
And stopt the rising storm.

V.

Be hush'd, each rill, and leafy spray,
Cease, *Philomel*, that mournful lay,
Nor let a woe be thine;
Hush, every gale of gentlest air,
While *Delia's* faithful vows declare
Her Soul for ever *mine*.

The FATALIST.

To SYLVIA.

I.

PRITHEE say, thou charming creature,

Why that cloud upon thy face?

Grief will spoil each beauteous feature,

Tears will tarnish every grace.

That thou didst not scorn my wooing,

Grateful I the favour own;

Yet 'twas not my *Sylvia's* doing,We were rul'd by *Fate* alone.

II.

Why then does my Fair-one tease me

With a fond unmeaning vow?

Fated then were you to please me,Nor was I despised by *You*.

But if alter'd now the case is,

As the sad *decree* is made,

Let us wipe our blubber'd faces,

Cruel *Fate* will be obey'd.

The STOLEN KISS.

To CHLOE.

I.

EXCUSE, my Fair, the *stolen Kiss*,
Nor take the harmless theft amiss,

For *I* was not to blame:

Believe the truth I now declare,

'Twas Love that taught me thus to dare,

And thus avow my flame.

II.

You look'd so innocently fair,

So softly-sweet and debonair, —

'Tis true I stole a kiss:

But while my soul was fondly fir'd

By joys which Heaven and *you* inspir'd,

How could it be amiss?

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

A S O N G.

I.

FAIR *Phyllis* in a shady grove,
 Remov'd from human ken,
 Thus pleaded to the God of Love,
 Thus rail'd at faithless men :
 " O *Cupid*, hear a virgin's prayre,
 And grant this one request,
 So shalt thou ease me of my care,
 And make me blythe and blest.

II.

May *Corydon*, ungrateful swain,
 Some haughty Fair-one find,
 Alike regardless of his pain,
 Alike to him unkind.
 Let ills unknown, unheard before,
 New torments still create ;
 Let *him* be destin'd to *adore*,
 Let *her* be doom'd to *bate*."

III.

She said;—but lo! where blythe and gay,

The swain himself appears,

Prepar'd to chase her frowns away,

And soothe her jealous fears:

Then close he folded to his breast,

The ill-diffembling maid:

She sigh'd, she sunk, she blush'd, and blest

The Shepherd and the Shade.

From the Greek of ANTIPHILUS.

WHEN young I was needy, now fit for
the grave

I am rich; yet how poor my condition!

I might have enjoy'd what I then could not have,

Now having I'm past the fruition.

RURAL

RURAL HAPPINESS.

Felices ter & amplius,

Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis

Divulsus querimoniis,

Suprema citius solvet amor die.

HOR.

I.

SAY, my *Sylvia*, blooming Fair,
Brightest of the virgin train,
Why that haughty look and air,
Why those tokens of disdain?

II.

What though blest with every grace,
Of a nobler line you boast?
Time will spoil thy blooming face,
Titles vanish in the dust.

III.

See yon unrepining pair,
Sporting o'er the flowery plain;
She, a mighty monarch's care,
He, an humble shepherd swain.

IV.

Bending low to *Cupid's* throne,
Courts and kingdoms she forsook:
Scorn'd the splendour of a crown,
Left the sceptre for the crook.

V.

Thus they toy, and thus they play,
Crown'd with every calm delight;
Tend their fleecy flock by day,
Give to rapture all the night.

VI.

Blest with innocence and ease,
Here they every comfort prove;
All is happiness and peace,
All is harmony and love.

ODE

O D E:

To CYNTHIA.

Luna mihi tremulum Lumen præbebat. OVID.

I.

O *Cynthia*, peerless Queen of Night,
 With flowing locks of amber light,
 Haste not so swift away;
 If e'er on *Latmos* thou didst prove
 The sweetly-pleasing pains of love,
 Stay, gentle *Cynthia*, stay.

II.

O stay, while fondly I impart
 To *thee* the dictates of a heart,
 From every fallhood free:
 Then quick the tale to *Delia* bear,
 The tale, which *Delia*, scornful Fair,
 Disdains to hear from *me*.

And

III.

And now while sober Twilight reigns,
Let all my love in softest strains,
Be whisper'd in her ear;
For 'tis so pure, so chaste a flame,
That thou without a blush may'st name,
Nor *Delia* blush to hear.

IV.

Say, how I rove these vales along,
While yonder shepherd tunes his song,
In numbers wildly free;
As oft I make the maid my theme,
Beside this silver-dimpled stream,
That mourns by sympathy.

V.

Or while I mark that Nightingale
Address to thee her lovelorn tale,
All querulously flow;
Say how I love her plaints to hear,
Say how I drop the frequent tear,
And join in social woe.

When

VI.

When all around meek silence reigns,
Save on those dew-bespangled plains,
Where stray the browsing sheep;
Save where from far the brawling rills
Fall babbling down the side-long hills,
And tempt the soul to sleep:

VII.

If haply slumbers then invade,
Say how I seem to woo the maid,
(Ah! wherefore only *seem*?)
Then say what waking pains I find;
Persuade my Charmer to be kind,
And realize the Dream.

THE
CONTENTED LOVER.

I.

LET others range o'er distant seas
For wealth their only aim;
Or, slaves to glory, barter ease
For unsubstantial fame,
Pursue the dark intrigues of state,
Or vilely practise to be great.

II.

My soul, to meaner arts unknown,
Can grandeur's charms despise,
And deaf to fame, adore alone
The powre of *Delia's* eyes,
With transport view the blooming Fair
• Its sole ambition center'd there.

S Y L V I A :

A

P A S T O R A L.

Te loquor absentem : te vox mea nominat *unum* :

Nulla venit fine te nox mihi, nulla dies. OVID.

SYLVIA:

PASTORAL

S Y L V I A :

A

P A S T O R A L.

*Te loquor absentem : te vox mea nominat unum :**Nulla venit sine te nox mihi, nulla dies. OVID.*

THRICE had fair *Cynthia* shed her virgin ray,
 O'er cheerless night to pour a mimic day;
 And thrice had *Phæbus* all his powre display'd;
 Since thoughtful SYLVIA sought the lonely shade.
 SYLVIA, the fairest of the female kind,
 That nature form'd, or innocence refin'd:
 Who follow'd, far from each corruptive art,
 The genuine dictates of a feeling heart:
 Left all the wiles by conscious vice requir'd,
 And spake, and acted, as that heart inspir'd.
 For thrice had *Cynthia* shed her virgin light,
 And thrice had *Phæbus* chas'd the shades of night;

Since

Since youthful *Damon*, who alone had found
The secret art to fix the secret wound,
And hold the Fair in *Cupid's* pleasing chain,
Had left, at once, the damsel and the plain.

To her paternal home, the lovely maid
Prerferr'd the bosom of a woodbine shade,
Where wanton nature lavish'd each delight,
To please the smell, or entertain the sight.
Here long had *Zephyr* fix'd his happy seat,
And fill'd the air with many a rising sweet;
With many a sweet had *Zephyr* fill'd the air,
With many a thousand had the blooming Fair:
With whom how vainly might the God contest,
All earth acknowledg'd, and all air confest.
Softer, when She appear'd, the rivulet flow'd,
The floweret brighten'd, and the landscape glow'd:
While from her lips, on dewy pinions borne,
Fell Heaven's pure breath, the incense of the morn.

'Twas here the Virgin pass'd her musing hours,
Stretch'd on a carpet fair of bending flowres,
That caught new vigour from their lovely guest,
And drew fresh odours from her fairer breast.

'Twas

"Twas here the beauteous maiden sweetly mourn'd,
While gentle Echo every sigh return'd.

" The share no longer breaks the stubborn soil;
" The lowing oxen leave their daily toil.
" Homeward his course the whistling Plowman bends;
" And the tir'd Hedger to his hamlet tends.
" Thick-rising smoke from yonder chimney breaks;
" The hearty meal that smoke thick-rising speaks:
" Which now at eve the duteous Wife prepares,
" To soothe their labours, and to ease their cares.
" Delicious feast! whose comforts well repay
" The toils and troubles of the tedious day:
" Delicious feast! the source of chearful health,
" The wish of princes, and the peasant's wealth:
" From whose untainted fount the joys that flow,
" Nor pride can taste, nor luxury bestow.

" Fast sinks the sun behind yon mountain drear,
" And soon these giant shades shall disappear.
" No longer shall yon spiry hill behold
" Its rising summit tipp'd with beamy gold;
" While *Phæbus* far removes his vital ray,
" And full o'er distant regions pours the day.

- “ Black Night will soon assert her silent reign,
“ And homeward drive the Hunters from the plain.
“ Perhaps my *Damon*, whom a troop surrounds
“ Of jovial sportsmen, and of drooping hounds,
“ This way may pass; (O, be the omen true!)
“ And haply passing, I may hope to view.
“ How shall I tremble; yet what secret joy
“ Will swell my soul, as comes the beauteous boy;
“ At once to fill each high, tumultuous vein,
“ With thrilling rapture, and with dubious pain.
“ In brighter moisture swims his liquid eye,
“ Than that fair star that decks the evening sky,
“ Reflected beauteous in the lucid Deep,
“ When every gale is hush'd to gentle sleep.
“ The angel Form that leads the rising day,
“ With equal beauty marks its radiant way :
“ Nor fairer, softer, sweeter charms adorn
“ The purple evening, or the rosy morn.
“ Now has this earth her annual circle run,
“ In swift rotation, round the central sun,
“ Since last that sun bestow'd its genial ray,
“ To gild the presence of my natal day :

“ An

- " An homely feast my dearest mother made,
 " Beneath the covert of the orchard shade ;
 " To pass in banquet, and to crown with mirth,
 " The hour that gave her darling *Sylvia* birth.
 " The festive news a quick conveyance found
 " To all the hamlets of the country round :
 " And soon approach'd us, from the neighbouring
 " plain,
 " Each lovely shepherdes, and manly swain,
 " In neat procession, and in trim array,
 " To join the banquet, and adorn the day.
 " First, as the fairest, of the youthful train,
 " Appear'd my *Damon*, ever-lovely swain.
 " Sure never ribbons shone so bright before,
 " As those, that day, which in his hat he wore :
 " Sure never nosegay bloom'd with such a grace,
 " As that which nodded o'er his manly face :
 " As fondly aiming fresher health to seek,
 " And draw perfection from his ruddy cheek.
 " His auburne hair or wanton'd in the wind,
 " Or o'er his temples elegantly twin'd ;

- “ Or down his neck in folds luxuriant ran ;
“ Such locks as ne’er adorn’d the neck of man.
“ Upon his brow, high-thron’d in regal state,
“ The rosy God of Love triumphant fate ;
“ While from his cheek the smile high-temper’d
 “ flow’d,
“ And every grace, the labour of the God.
 “ On me the Shepherd cast his eager eyes,
“ Whilst in my breast a thousand passions rise :
“ On me he cast his eager eyes, that found
“ Mine, half on him, half turn’d upon the ground ;
“ As half desiring, half afraid, to view
“ What most I wish’d might prove the signal true.
“ Yes, O my *Damon*, when with graceful mien,
“ You quick-advanc’d upon the level green ;
“ And beg’d me to receive those flowerets fair,
“ To deck my bosom, or adorn my hair ;
“ (Which decency compell’d me then to take,
“ And I still honour for the donor’s sake :)
“ Swift o’er my cheeks you saw the blushes rise,
“ And strange emotions revel in my eyes.

“ Since

" Since that blest hour, each kindly eve hath found
 " The drooping flowerets laid upon the ground ;
 " While o'er their leaves the twilight shades diffuse
 " The grateful tribute of refreshing dews :
 " And each returning day with pride confess
 " The harmless favourite blooming in my breast.
 " On your dear bosom were its beauties laid,
 " They ne'er could die, nor ever would they fade.
 " But, O ye Powers of Love ! when *Damon* sung,
 " What heavenly music warbled from his tongue !
 " What various accents wanton'd in the gale,
 " Swell'd on the ear, or dy'd along the vale !
 " 'Tis true the words I do not well retain,
 " But, ah ! the pleasure ever will remain ;
 " Or call it rapture ; still 'twere hard to find
 " A word to speak the fullness of my mind :
 " Nor thought can feign, nor language can express,
 " My heart's abundance, or my joy's excess :
 " Though well the motions of my soul maintain,
 " The spring of pleasure is the source of pain. —
 " Since that sweet hour discourteous fate denies
 " The lovely shepherd to my longing eyes.

- “ What business hinders, or what chance detains,
“ My absent *Damon* from his native plains?
“ Yet, how my cheeks would glow with all their fire,
“ Should I accomplish, what I most desire!
“ For when he touch’d my hand, I fondly try’d
“ To lift my eyes; but foolish fear deny’d.
“ Quick through mine ears unusual murmurs flow’d;
“ Quick o’er my face unusual purple glow’d.
“ O say, from whence the soft sensation rose;
“ Say what its kind, nor hide the secret cause?
“ For sure the bliss, which ne’er till then I knew,
“ Was passing wondrous, for ’twas passing new.
“ Nor *Colin’s* kindness, nor *Palæmon’s* kiss,
“ O’erwhelm my bosom in such floods of bliss;
“ When in the rural sports the swains advance,
“ High bound in air, or try the softer dance:
“ Though either youth exerts his every art,
“ To fix his empire, and secure my heart.
“ Oft too, when sleep has clos’d my slumbering
“ eyes,
“ Oft have I seen my *Damon’s* likeness rise.

“ Then

- " Then, with what rapture do I view his charms,
 " Clasp'd to my breast, and circled in my arms!
 " While, high-advanc'd, our mighty joys deride
 " The sneers of prudery, or the frowns of pride,
 " Yet blameless, sure, must be my fond desires,
 " I cannot answer what my sleep inspires :
 " And well I know, no wanton thought shall find
 " An easy entrance to my waking mind.
 " I bar each portal from the wiles of sin ;
 " Safe guard the works without, and walls within :
 " Yet dreams, in spite of all my care, invade ;
 " The post is routed, or the fort betray'd.
 " But dreams are harmless things, and hate the
 " light ;
 " They'll flee to-morrow, though they rage to-night.
 " O *Damon*, near me that thou now wert lain,
 " Extended lovely on this flowery plain :
 " My knee should well the pillow's place supply,
 " And safely thou the rising damps defy.
 " Thy flowing hair, that wantons in the wind,
 " This hand should gather, and this filk should bind.

“ The powerful ribbon was by *Delia* given,
“ When she exchang’d her vows with Love and
“ Heaven :

“ And *Delia* said, the mystic rites impart
“ A secret charm to bind a *Lover’s Heart*.

“ From this clear stream, whose gurgling wa-
“ ters flow

“ O’er the smooth pebbles to the vales below ;
“ Far more transparent than the purest rains,
“ That earth can wish for, or that Heaven contains :
“ From this clear stream would I thy thirst allay,
“ And cool the fervors of the sultry day.
“ This virgin Kerchief, which more white appears,
“ Than the fair fleece thy fairest lambkin wears,
“ Spotless as innocence, would I employ,
“ To soothe the labours of my lovely boy :
“ While from thy brow, as on this lap you lay,
“ I clear’d the dust, or wip’d the drops away.

“ This little hat, compos’d of woven straws,
“ Should fondly play, and fan thee to repose ;
“ Did gentle Zephyr’s fragrant pinions fail
“ To lend the tribute of their cooling gale.

“ How

- " How did I envy thus, of late, employ'd,
 " The wondrous blifs that *Phæbe's* care enjoy'd!
 " I fear 'twas jealousy; yes, much I fear
 " The restless Fiend has found a lodging here.
 " And ah! these frequent sighs too plainly prove,
 " The cause of Jealousy is nought but Love.
 " But hush, my heart; say, do I not in vain
 " Wish o'er the minutes, and expect the swain!
 " Have I not heard, of late, what languor reigns
 " O'er all his mind, and clogs his lazy veins!
 " How he avoids each scene he lately lov'd,
 " And hates the comrades, that he once approv'd:
 " While not a ray of wonted joy is found:
 " While, all neglected, droops each faithful hound:
 " While now no words can tempt him to embrace
 " The late-lov'd pleasures of the manly chace!
 " But fond of deepest solitude, he roves
 " Through lonely meads, or unfrequented groves:
 " Or sighs beneath the thick-embowering shade,
 " By some old oak's far-stretching branches made:
 " While every action speaks, too plain express'd,
 " Some weighty business labouring in his breast.

" Or

“ Or else, within the forest’s lonely maze
“ He walks deep musing ; or forgetful strays
“ Through each withdrawing vault, or winding ile,
“ Of yonder ivy-crown’d, romantic pile,
“ Whose every time-shook arch, and mouldering wall,
“ Seem tumbling now, or tottering to their fall.

“ Alas ! each taste of every known delight
“ Has fled my soul, since *Damon* met my fight.
“ No pleasure now my alter’d bosom knows,
“ Save what alone from Love and *Damon* flows.
“ I pass unheeded by the turtle’s moan,
“ Her kindred sorrows sunk within my own.
“ No sportive Squirrel with its wanton play,
“ Avails to chase the tedious hours away :
“ Nor favourite *Chloe* now must hope to share
“ Her mistress’ kind endearments and her care.

“ But can the swain, who long was known to

“ wound

“ Each fighting maid of all the hamlets round ;
“ Who yet with cold indifference calmly sees
“ Each maid’s attempts to torture or to please ;

“ Say’

- " Say, can the youth, from all their beauties free,
 " Indulge a thought, or spare a look for *me*?
 " Yes, I'll suppose it. — O, what joys arise,
 " What melting transports, from the fond surmise!
 " For while I think the dear delusion true,
 " All Heaven is open'd to my boundless view.
 " Yet, was of late the darling Shepherd seen
 " Near yon extended row of willows green,
 " That shade the purling brook, and try to lave
 " Their quivering branches in the lucid wave;
 " While yet that wave maintains its equal pace,
 " Nor heeds the pleasures of their fond embrace.
 " Yes, he has found, although I strove to hide,
 " 'Tis there I haply dive beneath the tide;
 " And therefore haunts, (what cannot Love per-
 " suade?)
 " The lonely stream, and unfrequented shade.
 " Perhaps, ev'n now, he sits the trees among;
 " He may be there, or he may come ere long:
 " 'Tis but to try: — but, ah! the task is vain,
 " My doubts perplex me, and my fears restrain.
 " Whence,

“ Whence, whence proceed these varying thoughts

“ that roll

“ Through all my frame, and shake my inmost soul:

“ Each doubtful pleasure, and each dubious pain,

“ That wrings my heart, and throbs in every vein?

“ Say, why his tedious absence I deplore,

“ Yet fear his presence would torment me more?

“ Or why through all the maze of art I run,

“ To frame a meeting, which I strive to shun?

“ Alas, 'tis Love! and he alone can shew

“ His founts of rapture, or his springs of woe.

“ What well-laid stratagem can thought devise,

“ To ease this heart, or feed these longing eyes?

“ Say, shall I drop this Bracelet on the green?—

“ For on my arm this Bracelet he has seen.

“ He'll know the toy, that he has mark'd before,

“ And doubtless, knowing, he will safe restore.

“ Then shall I find the bliss I fondly seek;

“ I then shall see him, and he then will speak:

“ Blest intercourse! nor will the swain divine

“ Whose deep contrivance form'd the great design.

“ Perhaps,

- " Perhaps, the while imprinting kisses warm,
 " Himself may beg to bind it on my arm.
 " The modest boon what maiden could deny?
 " At least, who would, that loves so well as I?
 " Alas, what projects does my fancy frame,
 " To shew my weakness, or expose my shame!
 " Of pleasures far remov'd I fondly dream;
 " Perhaps, to-night, he visits not the stream.
 " Another swain the glittering bait may find,
 " And use his fortune, as I ne'er design'd:
 " May shew it as a gift from me receiv'd;
 " And soon, alas, the tale will be believ'd:
 " Then should I stand a public shame confess;
 " Each maid's derision, and each shepherd's jest:
 " For all would cry, 'Twas not in vain she stray'd
 " Beside the stream, or fate beneath the shade:
 " Doubtless, the man, who could this favour gain,
 " Will ask for greater, — and perhaps obtain.
 " Do I not see, each fleeting hour display'd,
 " The marks on innocence by envy made:

" Each

“ Each fleeting hour, what cankering blasts con-

“ fume,

“ Fame’s tender buds, and Virtue’s fairer bloom?

“ Should not the taunts that late *Myrtilla* bare,

“ Maturely caution *Sylvia* to beware?

“ Because *Pakemon’s Mopsy* once was seen

“ Her steps attending o’er the moisten’d green;

“ While every nymph, and every swain divin’d,

“ That *Mopsy’s* Master — was not far behind.

“ No; I’ll desist: — our hopes on fate depend;

“ We cannot make our fortune, nor amend.

“ Ev’n *Damon’s* self, when lively fancy fir’d,

“ The place invited, and the nymph inspir’d,

“ Might strive—but hush;—what is the noise I hear?

“ I’m all confus’d, and tremble with my fear.

“ Alas! what dangers Fancy can persuade!

“ No noise disturb’d me; for no noise was made.

“ But, see, where Night advances o’er the plain;

“ The twinkling stars announce her silent reign.

“ My Mother oft, while Heaven prolong’d her days,

“ Bid me avoid late hours, and lonely ways.

“ Should

- " Should some misfortune unforeseen impend,
 " No arms have I, to conquer, or defend ;
 " Save virgin tears, and unavailing cries,
 " Or plaintive looks, the rhetoric of the eyes.
 " At best, 'twere folly, should I fondly run
 " To meet that danger, which I now can shun.
 " Homeward I'll speed ; for 'tis in vain to stay ;
 " Enjoy the night, and hope a happier day."

From the French of Madame Deshoulières.

A I R.

W Herefore did you bid me dread
 Only wolves in forests bred?
 'Tis not enough *their* rage to shun:—
 A tender shepherd young, and gay,
 Has done my flocks more harm to-day,
 Than all the wolves could e'er have done.

A I R *from the same.*

W H Y returnest thou, O Spring,
 Who invites thee here again?
 The nightingales that plaintive sing,
 Redouble all my dying pain.
 Why holds not Winter still his iron reign?
Thyrsis, ah *Thyrsis* is untrue,
 Then when have I with vernal days to do?

A I R

AIR *from the same.*

CAN I then by no means know,
Who's this *Love* that's dreaded so;
Which they say must one day be
Master of my heart and me?
Cannot he, the lovely swain,
Who each evening on the plain,
Underneath yon spreading oak,
Tells me how to feed my flock;
Cannot *he* then let me know,
Who's this *Love* that's dreaded so?

From the same.

I N a solitary shade,
Iris with her shepherd laid,
Trembled while the risque she view'd,
Should her shepherd dare be rude.

O'er her face a blushing red
Native modesty had spread,
And the shepherd learnt that day,
What those blushes meant to say.

From the same.

A Sad misfortune is impending o'er
The dear, the lovely shepherd I adore.
Ye streams, ye know it, yet pursue your way;
Ye nightingales, — and yet attune your lay.
Ye, who alone were conscious of our love,
Cease, birds, your notes, ye rivers, cease to move:
A sad misfortune is impending o'er
The dear, the lovely shepherd I adore.

From

From the French of Mademoiselle DESHOULIERES.

HERE I'll meditate at leisure,
Nought shall interrupt my pleasure,
While thus reflecting on the swain I love:—
If thou think'st, dear youth, on me,
Just as I do now of thee,
What soft sensations must thy bosom prove!

From the same.

FLY from this enchanted grove:—
Thyrsis here the other day,
Thyrsis, handsome, young, and gay,
Favour'd by the pleasing shade,
Which these bending branches made,
Learnt the secret of my love:—
Fly from this enchanted grove.

The GARTER.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora, dii cæptis (nam vos mutâstis & illas)
Adspirate meis. —*

Regia, crede mihi, res est succurrere lapsis. OVID.

I.

AS *Chloe* led the mazy round,
The *filken chord* that tied
Her milk-white stocking, on the ground
Rejoicing *Strephon* spied.

II.

Quick transports in his bosom roll,
His features glow with joy,
As in an extasy of soul
He seiz'd the gaudy toy.

III.

But soon his bliss became despair,
As on the *Garter* thone,
In envious letters full and fair,
Exulting, I LOVE NONE.

Enrag'd

IV.

Enrag'd the swain to *Chloe* flies,
With love and grief oppress'd,
And take, O take again, he cries,
This murderer of my rest.

V.

Why should you thus avow your mind,
Nor let me live in hope? —
O true; it was exceeding kind,
'Twill serve me for a rope.

VI.

Thus *Strephon* spake in piteous plight,
The whiles his solemn face,
That lately sparkled with delight,
Betray'd his woful case.

VII.

His arms were folded cross his breast,
His brow a cloud obscur'd,
And well his down-cast eyes express'd
How much his heart endur'd.

VIII.

His alter'd air the virgin saw,
 Nor saw without a sigh;
 Yet though her bosom felt his woe,
 She trembled to comply.

XI.

Thus while her thoughts alternate mov'd
 'Twixt love and darling pride,
 'Twas doubtful whether *Chloe* prov'd
 A murderess or a bride.

X.

At length, in pity to his pain,
 For much his sorrows grieve her,
 She turns the *Garter* to a *Chain*,
 To bind their hands for ever.

IX.

Thrice happy conquest thus obtain'd
 O'er *Chloe's* vanquish'd heart!
 Thrice happy *Garter* thus ordain'd
 To act so kind a part!

XII.

Long may'st thou flourish fair and bright,
 While all our maids agree
 To bind thy filken foldings tight,
 And tie above the knee.

XIII.

There rest secure and happy, where
 No mortal wight can spy thee,
 Untill the willing fall declare,
 He faster ought to tie thee.

XIV.

But should some busy fop intrude,
 Commencing bold assaulter,
 May'st thou reward his searches rude,
 Relapsing to a *halter*.

XV.

All hail thou source of fear and hope,
 Of bliss or woe the spring,
 A *Garter* now, and now a *Rope*,
 And now a *Wedding Ring*.

The Advantages of GOING TO LAW.

TEN pounds *Avaro* justly owes,
 Yet, though possess'd of plenty,
 The debt's deny'd; to plead the cause
 A lawyer's promis'd *twenty*.
 The case is clear, *Avaro's* cast,
 And for a trick so dirty,
 Is doom'd to lie in *limbo* fast,
 Till he has paid the *thirty*.

The Consequence of AMBITION.

Fortuna quem nimium fovet, stultum facit.

WHEN *Philip's* Son, by martial ardour fir'd,
 With rapid course o'er conquer'd nations ran,
 The wondering world his mighty deeds admir'd,
 And almost own'd the *Hero* more than *Man*.

But

But when the Victor earthly fame disdain'd,
 And scorn'd the paths that humble *Mortals* trod,
 The *Madman* lost that praise the *Hero* gain'd,
 And less than *Man* they thought the spurious God.

A P A R A D O X.

To C H L O E.

MY *Chloe*, trust me, for 'tis true,
 At once I love, and hate thee too.
 'Tis true thy wanton airs are such,
 I hate thee, yes, I hate thee much.
 Yet such is Beauty's magic powre,
 Though much I hate, I love thee more.
 Thus though I hate, and hate sincerely,
 I still must love, and love thee dearly.

From

From the French of M. de Saint Amant.

Complaint on the Death of SYLVIA.

I.

O Thou, that dost thyself pursue,
And from thyself that fleest too;
O stream, thy fleeting current stay,
And listen to my plaintive lay;
Which having heard, go tell the sea
He knows, alas! no equal misery. —

II.

How *Sylvia*, lovely maid, relate,
Sylvia, who rul'd alone my fate,
Receiv'd the stroke in beauty's bloom,
That forc'd her to the ruthless tomb:
Sad accident, ordain'd to prove
Triumphant o'er the mightiest powres of love! —

III.

No more, alas! my grief affords;
 My frequent sighs obstruct my words.
 Adieu, O stream! thy course renew;
 Stranger to rest am I like you:
 And if my woe has made thee stay,
 There are some tears to speed thee on thy way. —

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

An ODE.

I. 1.

THE ruby Sun from Ocean's bed,
 Peep'd o'er the eastern hill,
 Sweet breath'd the flowres on every mead,
 Bright sparkled every rill:
 The larks high mounted o'er the plain,
 The linnets in the grove,
 Uniting in the general strain,
 Obey'd the voice of love;

While

While *Sylvia*, Queen of all the Fair
 That rove the vales along,
 To mock her fighting shepherd's care,
 Exulting rais'd the song.

I. 2.

Love, thou ever-anxious guest,
 Thus I tear thee from my breast.
 Tell not me, ye filly swains,
 Tell not me of darts and chains,
Hymen's torch, and *Cupid's* bow,
 Wedded joys, and maiden woe.
 Harsh-intruding on mine ear,
 Let no busy zephyrs bear,
 Idly babling as they rove,
 Tales of wantonness and love.
 Tell not me the joys of youth,
 Lasting love and lasting truth,
 Nor let me be ever told,
 All the plagues of growing old.
 " *Love*, thou ever-anxious guest,
 Thus I tear thee from my breast."

Love's

II. 1.

Love's little Godhead laugh'd to hear

The fair Apostate's vow ;

He laugh'd, and with a wanton leer,

Prepar'd his vengeful bow :

Up to its barbed point he drew

The love-creating dart ; —

The shaft with aim unerring flew,

And pierc'd her steely heart :

With *Damon's* image fraught it came,

Resistance was in vain :

And thus the Fair confess'd her flame,

And thus revers'd the strain.

II. 2.

Love, thou ever-pleasing guest,

Freely welcome to my breast !

Tell me now, ye faithful swains,

Tell, O tell of darts and chains,

Hymen's torch, and *Cupid's* bow,

Wedded joys, and maiden woe.

Sweetly stealing on mine ear,

Let the filken Zephyrs bear,

Gently

Gently whispering as they rove,
 Nought but tenderness and love.
 Tell me now the joys of youth,
 Lasting love, and lasting truth,
 Ere I'm by experience told,
 All the plagues of growing old.
 "Love, thou ever-pleasing guest,
 Freely welcome to my breast."

*On Part of a CHURCH being converted into a School
 for the STUDY OF LAW.*

YES, yes, you may rail at the *Pope* as you please,
 But trust me that *Miracles* never will cease.
 See here — an event, that no *Mortal* suspected!
 See LAW and DIVINITY closely connected!
 Which proves the old *Proverb* long reckon'd so odd,
 That "the *nearest* the CHURCH are the *farthest*
 from GOD."

EPIGRAM.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

WITH borrow'd beams why decks the moon
her face?

Why does she seek, now shun, the fond embrace?

Why thus pursue an ever-changing life?

Know, She's as very a Woman as — thy *Wife*.

Translated from the Same.

JUPITER *speaks.*

WEalthy, nor sparing of that wealth, I reign'd;
Thence heaven by Fame's benign indul-
gence gain'd.

By *that* to regal state *Plebeians* rise,

But *this* exalts the *Monarch* to the Skies.

AVARICE

AVARICE and ENVY.

A F A B L E.

Semper avarus eget : certum voto pete finem.

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis. HOR.

THERE was a time — “How long ago?”

That, Sir, I don't pretend to know :

Nor will it hurt my tale a jot,

Whether the period's known or not;—

When *Jove* himself, upon occasion,

Descended from his upper station,

With greater certainty to know

How things were manag'd here below.

But if his Godship chanc'd to be

Engag'd in better company,

And did not care with foolish thinking,

To rack his brain, or spoil his drinking :

Or had his Highness haply cut

With *Juno* for a game at putt : —

In

In short, whate'er the reason was,
We know it sometimes came to pass,
That honest *Juppy*, now and then,
Would disregard the wants of men : —
I humbly ask his Honour's pardon,
I mean would not so far regard 'em,
As at the beck of every puppy,
Who happen'd to apply to *Juppy*,
To quit *Olympus*, and descend
Their wants, in person, to attend;
But chose the business to refer
To some inferior Minister.
My Authour says, on this occasion,
It was an Angel's occupation.
“ Your *Authour*, Sir ! why then I fear,
“ The case is evidently clear,
“ That not yourself the tale devised,
“ But stole it from some former wisehead.” —
Well, I'm a luckless rogue, no doubt,
To blunder thus the secret out :
But yet, since thus the matter lies,
For both our sakes I thus advise ;

R

And,

And, 'faith, I think the scheme will do;
I'll tell the naked truth to *you*,
Which you must promise to retain,
And never mention o'er again.

"I promise."—Sir, the point's agreed;
I trust your honour and proceed.

Know then, my friend, the worthie wyght,
Who did this simple tale endyte;
Though whylome, as I understonde,
He was the flowere of *Englonde*,
And did wyth manie a dittie deare,
Soothen the Royale *Richard's* eare;
Was, well I wote, both dead and rotten,
Ere you were born, or I begotten.
Or if the hint from *Æsop* came,
The case is pretty much the same;
For *Æsop* then was just as free
For *him*, as *Gower's* now for *me*.
And though the strains be quaint and old,
Yet sterling sence is sterling gold;
From which, though long defil'd in dust,
I'll try to rub away the rust;

Or,

Or, if I find my labour vain,
I'll get the metal stamp'd again.

An Angel once was sent from *Jove*,
Who rules the happy realms above,
To know the cause of all the cares,
The random vows, and raving prayres,
Which he with pity heard and saw
Perplex his creatures here below ;
With full commission to redress
Each mean defect, each vile excess ;
To set the world from follies free,
And make men blest as men could be.

The *Angel*, thus empower'd, descended,
And strait to *Fusco's* dwelling tended ;
Fusco, whose self-avenging breast,
Pale, pining Envy long possesst ;
And haply there *Avaro* found,
Whose complaints had made all Heaven resound,
Because he happen'd once to see
A wretch with fuller bags than *He*.

" Your prayres, the Angel cries, are heard ;
I come, and lo, I come prepar'd,

With fullest purposes to grant
The utmost you can wish or want.
But mark, my friends, nor mark in vain,
This difference do the Fates ordain;
Though he that asks will surely have
Whate'er his highest hopes can crave,
Yet shall a *double* portion fall
To Him who does not ask at all."

Their gaping mouths and stedfast eyes,
Declare at once their vast surprize;
And every feature well exprest
How much the suppliants were distrest.
Should envious *Fusco* ask the first,
His spleen would doubtless make him burst;
Because his neighbour then would be
More happy, hated thought! than he.
For Gold he knew *Avaro's* thirst,
And could not hope that *He* the first
The case would open, for 'twas plain
Avaro did not hunt for gain,
As having not enough before,
But only 'cause *one* wretch had *more*.

The phyfic therefore would increafe,
 Instead of curing, the difeafe.
 'Twas wifer then, by ten to one,
 To let the whole affair alone,
 And wait the worft that could befall,
 Than ask, on fuch like terms, at all.

At length a joy-inspiring thought
 To *Fufco* heavenly comfort brought.
 Unufual pleasures quickly rife,
 And brighten in his cheeks and eyes,
 The while, to vanquish all objections,
 His mind was fill'd with thefe reflections.

"If *good* I ask, the bargain's fuch,
 I give my rival *twice* as much;
 From whence 'tis clearly underftood,
 I muft not ask for aught that's *good*.
 But if for *evil* be my prayre,
 Of *that* he'll gain a double fhare;
 And thus he'll be, with all his pelf,
 Juft twice as wretched as *myself*."

The cafe admits of no difpute,
 And thus he makes his ardent fuit.

" Drop out, he cries, I ask no more,

" *Eye*, drop thou out upon the floor."

Down dropt an *Eye*, as *Fusco* pray'd,

But left its fellow in the head,

Which serv'd him, happy man! to view,

As down they fell, *Avaro's* two.

But hark! I hear a Critic bellow,

" What phrenzy now hath seiz'd the fellow?

" Sir, precedent is wanting for't,

" To make your Narrative so short,

" When you had spun, in homely style,

" Your Preface out to half a mile.

" You never read, I'll boldly say,

" Facetious *Swift*, or pretty *Gay*;

" Nay, I might add, nor be a liar,

" That prince of Tell-tales, *Matthew Prior*;

" And then, indeed, 'tis little wonder,

" To see you thus commit a blunder."

Yes, but I have, I'd have you know, Sir;

Nay more, inimitable *Chaucer*:

With twenty others I could name you,

Had I not rather spare than shame you.

Yet,

Yet, as I do not like to quarrel,
To help me out, here, take my *moral*.

Contentment is the sweetest guest,
That ever sooth'd the human breast.
Then try with all thy art and care,
To stay the courteous inmate there.
Safe guard this pleasure's fruitful source,
From inward fraud, and outward force.
Does *Envy*, faithless Foe, invade?
Tak care the castle's not betray'd.
The siege hath fordid *Avarice* form'd?
Too sure the rampart will be storm'd.
Tumultuous while our Passions roll,
They blind the virtues of the soul:
Unless we teach them to obey,
They lead our reason far astray,
In some delusive, vain pursuit
Of pleasure's fair, forbidden fruit;
Which, if obtain'd, we always find,
Leaves sharpest stings within our mind.

Or else we study to pursue
Imaginary Good in view,
Which still our eager grasp defies,
And flies us, as our shadow flies :
While hours, and days, and years shall find
Our feeble steps as far behind,
When all our course of life is run,
As the first moment we begun.

To DELIA *absent.*

I.

BEAUTY like yours commands the Muse,
 Nor can the tuneful maid refuse
 So fair a theme to sing;
 When such the matchless nymph I praise,
 In triumph rise the melting lays,
 On Love's aspiring wing.

II.

But *Absence* asks a softer strain,
 And bids the trembling notes complain,
 In accents fraught with woe:
 So *Philomel* attunes her lay,
 When Sol withdraws the beams of day,
 And leaves the world below.

III.

But when once more you bless my sight,
 The muse shall wing a nobler flight,

And

And chase my cares away ;
 As mounting larks with rapture borne,
 Salute the roseate blush of morn,
 And hail the *God of Day*.

*On a Report of Two Thousand Frenchmen being
 drowned in the River Weser, at the Battle near
 MINDEN, August 1, 1759.*

TO flee the sure death of the sword or the gun,
 When the French into *Weser* thought fit
 to retire ;

“ By *St. Patrick*, says *Teague*, it was cleverly done,
 To leap out of the *Frying-Pan* into the *Fire*.”

ODE to DELIA'S Birth-Day.

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto. VIRG.

HAppiest Day throughout the year,
 May'st thou shine for ever clear,
 In as many charms array'd,
 As the love-inspiring maid,
 Whom to life thy light consign'd,
 Greatest bliss of humankind;
 Soft, and good, and kind, and fair,
 All that's worth a mortal's care.

Be thou still supremely blest,
 Still serener than the rest:
 Still with influence benign,
 May thy kindly moments shine;
 While the hopeless widow's sigh,
 And the helpless orphan's cry,
 Sinking gradual, gently cease,
 Chang'd to joy, or wrapt in peace.

May

May the wretch whom Fate detains,
Cruel Fate, in galling chains,
Now forget his drear abode,
Nor perceive th' oppressive load ;
But in sportive measures bound,
Nimble active, from the ground,
And expelling care and sadness,
Give a loose to joy and gladness.
May the man, whose hidden store
Speaks its wealthy master poor,
This adspicious hour profuse,
From his copious hoard produce,
What a length of toil and care
Laid by scanty handfuls there.

May each happy aged pair
Now reflect what once they were ;
Call to mind the joys of youth,
Sweets of love, and vows of truth,
Nor of fleeting years complain,
But enjoy them o'er again :
Wishing both that such may prove,
Blest as they, the joys of love,

Which

Which from virtue took its rise,
With our dissolution dies,
And unlike the sensual flame,
Burns through life the perfect fame.

Thou, old Care, with wrinkled face,
Brow severe, and tardy pace,
Leave awhile thy realms on earth
To the chearful God of Mirth;
Who with open, smiling face,
Brow serene, and tripping pace,
(Such as oft contented swains,
See him skim the flowery plains)
Sweetly-wanton brings along
Jocund feast, and decent song;
Tributes which we gladly pay
To the happy, happy Day,
Which to life and light convey'd
Delia love-inspiring maid,
Soft, and good, and kind, and fair,
All that's worth a mortal's care.

EPITAPH *on General WOLFE.*

WOLFE the virtuous and the brave,
 Here hath found an early grave.
 Ever shall *Britannia* mourn
 O'er her *darling* HERO's urn:
 And *Quebec* shall ever tell
 How he *triumph'd* as he *fell*.

The DEPARTURE.

THough fruitless prayres invoke his longer stay,
 When blushing splendors paint the close of day,
 The sinking Sun withdraws his genial light,
 And wraps his glories in the shades of night.
 More lov'd than he, my *Chloe* bears away,
 A kinder influence, and a brighter day.
 To-morrow can his early beams restore;
 These longing eyes shall see her charms no more.

More

More lasting pains for me the Fates prepare,
 For ever doom'd to mourn the absent Fair.
 When deep-retir'd I pensive walk the grove,
 A conscious witness to the plaints of love;
 The grove no more the gladsome scene displays,
 Its verdure sickens, and its bloom decays:
 Each dying floweret droops its languid head,
 Its lustre blasted, and its fragrance fled.
 No more, elated on the trembling spray,
 The feather'd warblers wake the choral lay.
 Her absence mourning on the faded plain,
 Mute are the lambs, or, bleating, but complain.
 On some sequester'd bough the lonely dove,
 Though lost her mate, yet mindful of his love,
 In vain essays with many a plaintive moan,
 To soothe *my* sorrows, and to ease *her own*.
 The pitying rocks partaking all my care,
 Return each wild expression of despair:
 To every groan, and every bursting sigh,
 The echoing hills in equal strains reply:
 But ah! the echoing hills reply in vain;
 My sighs are endless, unallay'd my pain.

If cross yon lawn with hopeless steps I go,
 Its gayest objects wear a face of woe;
 Or, plung'd in crouds, I find no kindly rest,
 And mirth and peace are banish'd from my breast.

The wounded stag that feels the fatal pain,
 Thus seeks his comrades o'er the distant plain;
 In vain he casts his swimming eyes around,
 In vain his trickling tears bedew the ground;
 Quick flows the stream of life, his limbs decay,
 Thick heaves his breast, he faints, and sighs his
 soul away.

EPITAPH *on the* AUTHOR'S *Father*.

OF Temper courteous, and of Soul sincere,
 The Friend, the Husband, and the Father dear,
 Lie here entomb'd where generous COPPER lies,
 'Till the last Trump shall call him to the Skies;
 Where GOD'S ANOINTED glories to bestow
 The Blessings promis'd to the Good below.

FRAGMENTS

O F

ANCIENT POETRY,

Collected in the HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND,

A N D

Translated from the GALIC or ERSE Language.

Vos quoque qui fortes animas, belloque peremptas,

Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,

Plurima securi fudistis carmina *Bardi*.

LUCAN.

EXAMINATIONS

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P R E F A C E.

THE following *Fragments* are verified from a literal prose translation of them by Mr. *M'Pberfon*, a gentleman to whom the poetical world is greatly indebted, for rescuing from oblivion these invaluable remains of antiquity. The best account of them is in the translator's own preface, which I shall therefore beg leave to lay before the reader, as I find it in the first edition, from whence this poetical version is taken. The Quantity of the proper names I perhaps may have sometimes mistaken, as my own ear was the only rule I had to follow; but this is a fault which cannot be observed by those who are ignorant of the *Originals*, and I hope it will be forgiven by such as are acquainted with them. I shall say no more of myself, but proceed to copy Mr. *M'Pberfon's* own words, after having returned him my sincere thanks for

the great pleasure which I received in the perusal of his ingenious labours, and entreated his and the Public's indulgence for some few alterations, both of omission and addition, which the nature of the verse rendered unavoidable.

“ The publick, says he, may depend on the following fragments as genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry. The date of their composition cannot be exactly ascertained. Tradition, in the country where they were written, refers them to an æra of the most remote antiquity: and this tradition is supported by the spirit and strain of the poems themselves; which abound with those ideas, and paint those manners, that belong to the most early state of society. The diction too, in the original, is very obsolete; and differs widely from the style of such poems as have been written in the same language two or three centuries ago. They were certainly composed before the establishment of clanship in the northern part of Scotland, which is itself very ancient; for had clans been
then

then formed and known, they must have made a considerable figure in the work of a Highland Bard; whereas there is not the least mention of them in these poems. It is remarkable that there are found in them no allusions to the Christian religion or worship; indeed, few traces of religion of any kind. One circumstance proves them to be coeval with the very infancy of Christianity in Scotland. In a fragment of the same poems, which the translator has seen, a Culdee or Monk is represented as desirous to take down in writing from the mouth of Ofcian, who is the principal personage in several of the following fragments, his warlike achievements and those of his family. But Ofcian treats the monk and his religion with disdain, telling him, that the deeds of such great men were subjects too high to be recorded by him, or by any of his religion: A full proof that Christianity was not as yet established in the country.

“ Though the poems now published appear as detached pieces in this collection, there is ground

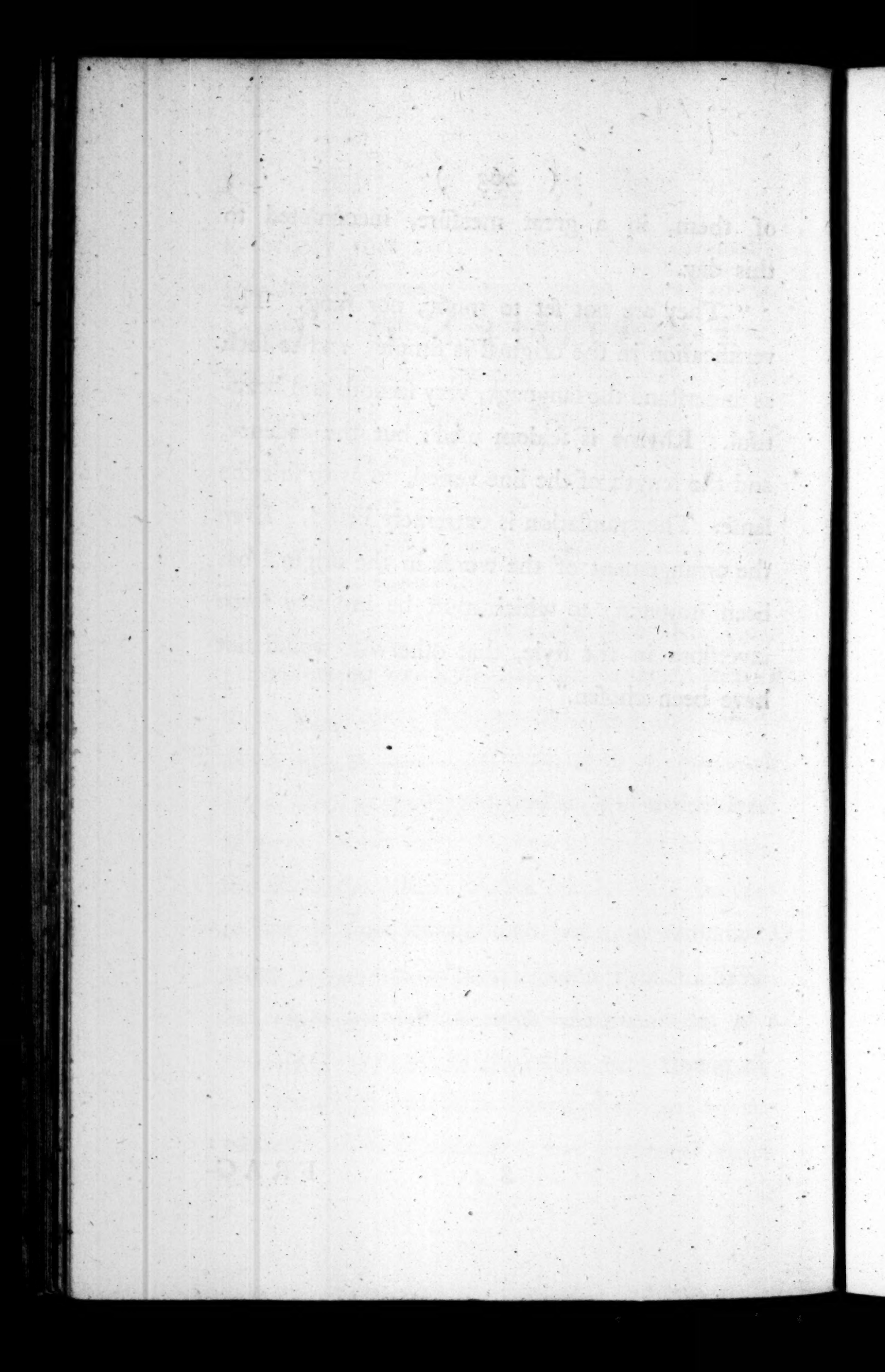
to believe that most of them were originally episodes of a greater work which related to the wars of Fingal. Concerning this hero innumerable traditions remain, to this day, in the Highlands of Scotland. The story of Ofcian, his son, is so generally known, that to describe one in whom the race of a great family ends, it has passed into a proverb ; “ Ofcian the “ last of the heroes.”

“ There can be no doubt but that these poems are to be ascribed to the Bards ; a race of men well known to have continued throughout many ages in Ireland and the north of Scotland. Every chief or great man had in his family a Bard or poet, whose office it was to record in verse, the illustrious actions of that family. By the succession of these Bards, such poems were handed down from race to race ; some in manuscript, but more by oral tradition. And tradition, in a country so free of intermixture with foreigners, and among a people so strongly attached to the memory of their ancestors, has preserved many

of

of them, in a great measure, incorrupted to this day.

“ They are not set to music, nor sung. The versification in the original is simple ; and to such as understand the language, very smooth and beautiful. Rhyme is seldom used : but the cadence, and the length of the line varied, so as to suit the sense. The translation is extremely literal. Even the arrangement of the words in the original has been imitated ; to which must be imputed some inversions in the style, that otherwise would not have been chosen.”



FRAGMENT I.

SHILRIC and VINVELA.

VINVELA.

I.

M^Y *Shilric* is a tenant of the hill ;
His nimble feet the flying deer pursue :
His panting hounds await their master's will ;
And in the wind resounds his quivering yew.

II.

O, whether lain beside the bubbling fount,
Well'd from the rock whose crystal waters flow ;
Or by the stream that from the steepy mount,
In pleasing murmur seeks the vale below :

When

III.

When o'er thy head the misty vapours fly ;
 When in the light wind nod the rushes green :
 From off the rock let me thy beauties eye ;
 And see my Love, but be myself unseen.

IV.

Surpriz'd I first beheld each manly grace,
 Where *Branno's* oak its aged arms extends ;
 When tall my Love returned from the chace,
 The fairest *He* of all his youthful friends.

SHILRIC.

V.

What is the voice melodious which I hear,
 Soft as the gentlest Summer-gales that blow ! —
 Alas ! I sit no nodding rushes near,
 And from the rock I hear no fountain flow.

VI.

Far hence, *Vinvela*, do my footsteps bend ;
 Far hence to *Fingal's* bloody wars I go :
 No more my call the merry dogs attend ;
 No more my tread the shaggy mountains know.

No

VII.

No more I view thy beauties from on high,
 Fair-moving by the waters of the plain;
 Bright as the bow that bends along the sky,
 Or moon reflected in the western main.

VINVELA.

VIII.

Then thou art gone; and I, unhappy maid,
 Am left to make my unavailing moan;
 Along the rivulet's mossy margin laid,
 Or on the hill, forsaken and alone!

IX.

No longer startled at the rising breeze,
 Along the hill are seen the nimble deer:
 No more they dread the rustling of the trees,
 But feed exempt from danger as from fear.

X.

Far is the hunter from the hill remov'd;
 Far absent he amid the field of graves:
 Stop, strangers, stop, and spare my best-belov'd;
 O spare my Love, ye offspring of the waves.

SHILRIC.

SHILRIC.

XI.

If fall I must upon the sanguine field,
 Raise high, *Vinvela*, raise on high my tomb:
 A few grey stones, and heap'd-up earth shall yield
 A mark for years, for ages yet to come.

XII.

His food at noon producing near the mound,
 "Here rests some warrior," shall the hunter cry;
 My fame still living in his praise shall found; —
 Think on me, Love, when low on earth I lie.

VINVELA.

XIII.

Yes; — in my mind shall fair remembrance glow;
Shilric too sure will fall amid the fight: —
 O say what bliss this wounded breast can know,
 When thou art torn for ever from my fight?

When

XIV.

When the bright sun divides the equal day,
Upon these lofty mountains will I go;
And while along the silent heath I stray,
My soul shall ever nurse the tender woe.

XV.

There will I see, with pleasing pain oppress,
Where oft thou sat'st returning from the chase.
Indeed my Love will fall, — but in this breast
Thy charms shall still retain their every grace.

F R A G M E N T I I.

I.

THE mossy margin of the fount I tread,
High on the hill, where winds eternal howl:
One lonely tree is rustling o'er my head;
Dark o'er the plain the wavy tempests roll.

II.

The muddy lake is discompos'd beneath;
Along the hill descend the nimble deer:
I see no distant hunter on the heath,
Nor meets mine eye the whistling cow-herd near.

III.

The sun hath now attain'd the middle sky;
But yet no voice my mute attention hears:
Sad are my thoughts while here alone I sigh;
Small are my hopes, and many are my fears.

O didst

IV.

O didst thou but appear, my wandering Fair,
 Upon the heath, in native beauty bright,
 Behind thee floating on the wind thy hair,
 Thy tender bosom heaving on the sight :

V.

With generous tears full-fraught thy streaming eye,
 For friends conceal'd behind the vapours grey ;
 Thee would my care with comfort soon supply,
 And to thy father's mansion safe convey.

VI.

But see ! advancing like a beam of light
 Along the heath, appears her angel form ;
 Fair as in autumn shines the Queen of Night,
 Bright as the sunbeam in a summer storm.

VII.

But hark ! I hear the lovely virgin speak,
 But ah ! her voice — how languid doth it seem !
 Weak is her accent, as the breezes weak,
 That move the reeds within the lazy stream.

VIII.

Safe from the scenes of battle and of death,
Art thou, my Love, without thy friends return'd?
I heard thou fell upon the sanguine heath;
I heard, my *Shilric*, and thy death I mourn'd.

IX.

Return'd I am; but I of all my race;
O'er all their graves I rais'd the artless stone:
But wherefore art thou on this desert place;
Why on the barren heath, my Love, alone?

X.

Alone I am, O *Shilric*; far retir'd
Within the Winter-house's dampy womb:
With weeping thee my vital flame expir'd;
And pale I am, O *Shilric*, in the tomb.

XI.

Smooth o'er the hill the lovely phantom sails;
She fleets, the airy vision skims away,
Like the grey mist before the rising gales; —
And wilt thou not, my lovely virgin, stay?

Wilt

XII.

Wilt thou not stay to see my gushing tears,
Ere yet thy form diminishes in air?
Still fair, my Love, thy every charm appears,
As when alive, thy every charm was fair.

XIII.

High on the hill that mocks the lowly plains,
Hard by the fountain will I fix my seat;
And while around us mid-day Silence reigns,
There will we join in social converse sweet.

XIV.

Quick on the gale's extended pinions fly;
Haste on the mountain's blast, to soothe my pains:
O let me hear thee swiftly-passing by,
When all around the mid-day Silence reigns.

FRAGMENT III.

I.

STRONG through the woods the north-wind
roars aloud ;

Grey evening o'er the dusky hill extends :
Along the sky white-rises many a cloud ;
Wide o'er the plain the trembling snow descends.

II.

Afar the river pours its rapid tide,
In murmurs hoarse, along its winding way : —
Sad by a hollow rock's indented side
Sate *Carryl*, reverend in his locks of grey.

III.

Dry waves the bending fern his temples o'er ;
Within an aged birch his mansion low :
Clear to the raging wind's impetuous roar
He lifts aloud the generous voice of woe.

IV.

“ Tost on the waves, the boiling ocean’s sport,
Is he, whose hope the Isles remotest warms;
Malcolm the brave; the humble poor’s support;
A foe relentless to the proud in arms.

V.

Why hast thou left us here alone to weep?
With thee, high-mounted on the surges green,
We might have heard the murmurs of the deep,
We might with thee the oozy rock have seen.

VI.

Sad on the shore, of every bliss depriv’d,
Awaits thy spouse, where beats the foaming main:
The hour of promis’d meeting is arriv’d;
Ev’n now the Night begins her silent reign.

VII.

No voice is heard, except the blustery wind;
No sail is seen white-stretching from afar:
Wet are the locks of youth, to waves consign’d;
Low is the soul, the breathing soul of war.

VIII.

Along some rock's rough basis is he laid,
Where oft his limbs the surge returning lave;
Why was he, winds, upon that rock convey'd;
Why o'er him roll'd ye, unrelenting waves?

IX.

But oh! what voice is that? what phantom seems
To ride upon that fiery meteor's blaze?
Green to the sight appear its airy limbs. —
'Tis *He*; on *Malcolm's* passing ghost I gaze.

X.

Rest, lovely soul; upon the rock alight;
And let me hear thy voice along the breeze. —
He's gone; — quick-vanish'd as the dream of night,
I see him darting through the leafless trees.

XI.

Daughter of *Reynold*, he is gone: — no more
Thy lovely spouse thy distant eye shall chear:
No more descending from the mountain hoar,
His hounds return'd shall speak their master near.

Sweet

XII.

Sweet from the distant rock along the air,
 No more his voice shall soothe thine every pain :
 Daughter of *Reynold*, lovely, wretched Fair !
 Silent is *Malcolm* in the ruthless main.

XIII.

Sad will I fit the murmuring fountain near ;
 Full o'er my head, ye threatening rocks, impend :
 My plaintive voice, ye trees, attentive hear,
 As o'er the shaggy hill your branches bend.

XIV.

Fair hope of Isles remote ; to him shall rise,
 From *Carryl's* harp high-tun'd, the manly praise ;
 And while the trembling notes ascend the skies,
 His worth shall grow immortal in my lays."

FRAGMENT IV.

CONNAL and CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

I.

WHOM coming from the hill do I behold!

A cloud resembling, which the western ray
Illumines fair with streaks of beamy gold,
When night succeeds the empire of the day.

II.

Whose is the voice harmonious that I hear,
Loud as the blast that sweeps along the main;
Yet sweet and charming to the raptur'd ear,
As is of *Carryl's* harp the soothing strain?

It

III.

It is my Love, my *Connal*, that appears,
Clad in the gleamy steel's refulgent light :
But o'er his brow a dismal veil he wears,
That wraps his beauties in the gloom of night.

IV.

What cares, O *Connal*, do thy foul molest,
And rob thy presence of its wonted grace ?
O, quickly say, and ease my anxious breast,
If live the sons of mighty *Fingal's* race.

CONNAL.

V.

They live. — descending from the mountain's height,
Tir'd with the chace, and labours of the day,
I saw them blazing like a stream of light,
As o'er their shields the sun diffus'd his ray.

VI.

Loud is the shouting of the youthful train ;
The war, my Love, the voice of war is near :
To-morrow's dawn, upon the crimson plain,
Shall see the ranks of giant foes appear.

VII.

The dreadful *Dargo*, of enormous size,
Prepares to meet us on the flaming heath :
The generous race of *Fingal* he defies ;
The strength of battle, and the arm of death.

CRIMORA.

VIII.

I saw, my *Connal*, many a crouded fail,
Like the grey mist, advance along the main :
To land they hasted in the prosperous gale ;
And vast and numerous was the warrior train.

CONNAL.

IX.

Bring me thy Father's shield, oft try'd in fight ;
The iron shield that *Rinval* us'd to bear :
The shield that rivals the full orb of night,
Whose beams are blunted in the cloudy air.

CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

X.

That shield I bring; but ah! that shield was vain
 To bid, from *Him*, the darts of death retire:
 By *Gauror's* lance the mighty man was slain;
 And fall may'st Thou, as fell my aged Sire.

CONNAL.

XI.

Yes, fall I may; but from thy virgin hands,
 My breathless corse (what only thou can'st give)
 A few rude stones, a mound of earth demands;
 And they shall teach my memory to live.

XII.

Though thou art fairer than the dawning day,
 And sweeter than the sweetest flowres that bloom;
 Or o'er the hill the living gales that stray;
 I will not stay: — *Crimora*, raise my tomb.

CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

XIII.

Then give me, quick, those burnish'd arms of light;
The glittering sword, the spear, and gleamy shield:
With lovely *Connal* will I dare the fight,
And meet huge *Dargo* in the hostile field.

XIV.

Ardeen, adieu thy rocks and mountains hoar;
Adieu ye deer, and streams that sweetly flow!
We go, your beauties to behold no more;
To seek our distant graves we fondly go.

FRAGMENT V.

I.

DUN Autumn blackening on the mountain
lours;

Grey mists the summits of the hill retain:
Bleak o'er the heath the whistling whirlwind roars;
Dark rolls the river through the pathless plain.

II.

A lonely yew-tree marks the rising ground,
The grave where *Connal* rests his lowly head:
The loud wind whirls the shrivel'd leaves around,
To strew the sacred mansion of the dead.

III.

Here by the lonely hunter oft are seen
The ghosts of those who shar'd an early death,
As slow, with doubtful steps, and musing mien,
He wanders, darkling, o'er the wintry heath.

Thy

IV.

Thy blood, O *Connal*, to its limpid fount
What Herald's art shall e'er essay to trace?
Who can thy long progenitors recount;
Or who revolve the glories of thy race?

V.

On the rough mountain like a sturdy oak,
That long hath brav'd the fury of the skies,
So *Connal* stood, till fate prepar'd the stroke,—
And low on the earth the mighty victim lies.

VI.

Here, here was heard the dreadful din of arms;
Here did the groans of dying thousands rise:
O *Fingal*, mournful were thy war's alarms;
Here *Connabever*-wept untimely dies.

VII.

Thine arm was thunder, never launched in vain;
Thy sword a sun-beam fraught with burning ire:
Tall as a rock thou tower'dst upon the plain,
And from thine eye-balls flash'd the living fire.

Thy

VIII.

Thy voice was louder than the tempest's roar ;
 Thy menace oft the vaunting host dismay'd :
 As thistles fall the sweeping scythe before,
 So fell thy foes before thy conquering blade.

IX.

Like rolling thunder through the darken'd sky
 Rush'd *Dargo*, fearless of the hostile shock :
 Black was his brow, encavern'd seem'd each eye,
 Like hideous dens within the hollow'd rock.

X.

Their rising falchions blaz'd like gleamy fire,
 While stroke on stroke the godlike champions deal :
 Rife were the wounds ; the doubtful onset dire ;
 And harsh the clashing of the clanking steel.

XI.

Good *Rinval's* daughter came not far behind,
Crimora, manly-arm'd, to face the foe :
 Her lovely hair flow'd waving in the wind,
 And in her hand she grasp'd the warrior's bow.

Forth

XII.

Forth to the field the daring damsel flew
With faithful *Connal*, for 'twas death to part;
At *Dargo's* breast she bent the twanging yew,
But, erring, pierc'd her faithful *Connal's* heart.

XIII.

Like a tall oak the wounded hero falls;
Or like a rock from some rough mountain torn:
He bleeds — for aid to heav'n she vainly calls;
He bleeds, he dies, and leaves the maid to mourn.

XIV.

She mourns not long; her springs of life decay;
She shrinks a lily in its fairest bloom;
And quick-retiring from the realms of day,
Exulting seeks her *Connal* in the tomb.

XV.

While here I sit beneath this mournful shade,
Sighs o'er the tufted grave the plaintive wind;
And *Connal* faithful, and his hapless maid,
Fair memory paints within my pensive mind.

XVI.

Far from the bitter ills of life remov'd,
 Here in this steepy mountain's cavern'd fide,
 You rest in peace, who living fondly lov'd,
 Whom death, indulgent, would not long divide.

FRAGMENT VI.

I.

SON of the noble *Fingal*, *Oscian*, speak,
Thou first of heroes, and of men the best;
What tears are trickling down thy aged cheek;
What shades the soul within thy mighty breast?

II.

'Tis memory, Son of *Alpin*, memory strong,
That wounds with arrows keen this breast of age:
The scenes, the bloody scenes, transacted long,
In numerous woes my mournful soul engage.

III.

With rueful thoughts my bleeding bosom mourns,
Of noble *Fingal*, and his royal kind:
Fair to my view their every worth returns,
And sad remembrance wounds my faithful mind.

Retiring

IV.

Retiring from the mountain sport one day,
 Where many a tenant of the hill was slain;
 Along the plain we held our jovial way,
 The brown heath covering with our youthful train:

V.

Fingal was here, renown'd in hardy might;
Oscur, my son, was here, of martial fame:
 When from the sea, fair-blooming on the fight,
 At once a lovely, tender virgin came.

VI.

Like one night's snow appear'd her lily breast;
 Her damask cheek surpass'd the budding rose:
 Mild was her eye in rolling azure drest;
 But big her bosom with impending woes:

VII.

Fingal renown'd in war, the damsel cries,
 Ye offspring of the king, your aid I seek. —
 Securely speak, the generous prince replies,
 Daughter of Beauty, undissembling speak.

VIII.

An audience just, to all our ear affords,
 To virtue ever open in distress :
 Speak then secure, and soon our ready swords
 Shall all thy sorrows, all thy wrongs redress.

IX.

From *Ullin* fam'd in war I quick retire ;
 His arms I fly who would my blood debase :
 The friend of men, good *Cremor*, was my Sire,
Cremor, the pride of *Inverne's* princely race.

X.

Their anger *Fingal's* younger sons declare ;
Carryl, who drew the bow with matchless grace,
Fillan the graceful, favourite of the Fair ;
 And *Fergus* ever foremost in the race.

XI.

Who from remotest *Lobclyn*, bright-array'd,
 To where the seas of *Molochasquir* end ;
 Who dares advance to hurt the lovely maid,
 The maid whom *Fingal's* ready sons defend ?

Daughter

XII.

Daughter of Beauty, let no cares molest,
 No needless cares molest thy troubled mind :
 Safe-guarded by our arm securely rest,
 In peace repos'd, thou fairest of thy kind. —

XIII.

Far in the distance of the ocean blue,
 As in the tempest break the surges white,
 Some spot appear'd to our extended view ;
 But soon the barque increas'd upon the fight.

XIV.

The hand of *Ullin*, oft in fight approv'd,
 Strait to the shore the sturdy vessel led :
 The lofty mountains trembled as he mov'd,
 The rough hills shook beneath his weighty tread.

XV.

Dire clash'd the rattling of his arms around ;
 Death and destruction did his eye-balls deal :
 His stature like the roe on *Morven* found ;
 He mov'd far-glittering in the light of steel.

XVI.

Before him fell our warriors on the ground,
Thick as the field before the reapers laid :
In chains the sons of *Fingal* fast he bound ;
And in the Fair-one's bosom fix'd his blade.

XVII.

She sunk, as melts away the snowy wreath
That drinks the sunshine of the vernal beam :
Her lovely breast, high-beating, heav'd in death ;
Her soul came rushing in the purple stream.

XVIII.

Oscur my son came down, renown'd in war ;
The strong in fight descended from on high :
Like thunder bray'd his clashing arms afar,
And dreadful flash'd the lightning of his eye.

XIX.

There did the rattling shock of swords resound ;
There, there was heard the dreadful voice of steel :
They struck, they thrust ; and many a gaping wound,
With blood wide-streaming, did the heroes deal.

For

XX.

For death they digged with their murdering blades;
 But death was distant, and delay'd to come;
 Till from the mountain fell the lengthening shades;
 And late the whistling cow-herd thought of home.

XXI.

Then *Oscar's* steel the heart of *Ullin* found;
 He fell an oak torn from its bleak domain,
 With glittering frost encrusted bright around;
 Or like a rock upon the wintry plain.

XXII.

Here Beauty's daughter found an early grave;
 And here of men the noblest and the best:
 Here fell, one day, the beauteous and the brave;
 Here the pursu'd, and the pursuer rest.

XXIII.

O Son of *Alpin*! many are the pains
 The aged feel; their tears are for the past:
 This rais'd my sorrow; this, while life remains,
 And memory lives, will make those sorrows last.

XXIV.

O Son of *Alpin*, while I thus deplore,
Forgive the tears o'er aged cheeks that flow :
Oscur was brave, — but *Oscur* is no more. —
O noble youth, forgive the tale of woe !

FRAGMENT VII.

I.

O SON of *Alpin*, why my spring of woe
 Op'ft thou afrefh, asking how *Oſcur* fell? —
 Blind are mine eyes with tears that ever flow;
 But in my heart doth fair remembrance dwell.

II.

Fall'n is the nation's head, the people's joy, —
 How fhall this breafth the mournful tale unfold? —
 Prince of the warriors brave, my darling boy,
Oſcur my fon, fhall I no more behold!

III.

He fell, the moon reſembling in a form;
 As from his mid-day courſe the orb of light,
 When from the ſea thick clouds the day deform,
 And diſtant mountains darken on the fight.

IV.

I, like an ancient oak exalted high,
That long on *Morven's* shaggy brow hath grown;
Expos'd to all the fury of the sky;
Am left to moulder in my place alone.

V.

Torn by the blast, my branches all are gone;
I shake, the pinions of the north before.
Prince of the warriors, *Oscur*, O my son,
Thee, O my *Oscur*, shall I see no more!

VI.

Dermid, and generous *Oscur*, were but one;
They reap'd the battle with their falchions keen:
Strong as their steel, and bright, their friendship shone;
And to the field walk'd death the friends between.

VII.

Like two vast rocks torn from the mountain hoar,
With force resistless on the foe they came:
They stain'd their swords with many a hero's gore;
And warriors fainted at their dreadful name.

Who

VIII.

Who but the dauntless *Dermid* could be found,
 That dar'd with *Oscur's* nervous arm engage?
 And who but *Oscur*, in the field renown'd,
 Durst meet the shock of *Dermid's* martial rage?

IX.

The mighty *Dargo* on the plain they slew;
Dargo, before invincible in fight:
 Fair was his daughter, as the morn, to view,
 And mild her beauty as the beam of night.

X.

Like two bright stars, appear'd her lovely eyes,
 Drown'd in a showre; the gale of spring her breath:
 Her panting breasts in quick emotions rise,
 Like new-fall'n snow that floats upon the heath.

XI.

The warriors saw, and glow'd with equal flame;
 Their hearts alike high-beat to love's alarms:
 Each saw, each sigh'd, each lov'd her as his fame,
 And each must perish, or possess her charms.

But

XII.

But in her grace the fairest *Oscur* stood ;
My son the virgin's tender soul approv'd :
The yielding maid forgot her father's blood,
And soon the hand, which slew that father, lov'd.

XIII.

Brave son of *Oscian*, fighting *Dermid* said,
I love this maid ; but ah ! too well I see,
Thrice happy *Oscur*, that this lovely maid,
Hath fix'd her soul, thrice happy youth, on thee !

XIV.

This wretched being death shall quickly end,
Since now no hope my wounded breast can heal :
Here pierce my bosom, *Oscur*, generous friend ;
And quick relieve my sorrows with thy steel.

XV.

My sword, still drawn the wretched to defend,
Which oft the vaunting foe hath fled before,
O son of *Morny*, never shall be stain'd,
Forbid it Heav'n ! in *Dermid's* generous gore.

Who

XVI.

Who then is worthy, with his friendly blade,
 Low on the earth my breathless corse to lay?
 O *Oscur*, be not long the stroke delay'd;
 Let not my life unhonour'd pass away.

XVII.

By none but *Oscur*, son of *Oscian* brave,
 By none but *Oscur*, be my glories crown'd:
 Send me replete with honour to the grave;
 And be my death, as was my life, renown'd.

XVIII.

Wield, *Dermid*, wield thy deathful weapon well;
 O son of *Morny*, skilful use thy steel:
 Would that with thee, my noble friend, I fell!
 Would that my death thy liberal hand would deal!

XIX.

By where the brook expends its babling rage,
 Swift-falling from the steepy mountain hoar;
 On *Branno's* margin did the chiefs engage;
 And ting'd the silvery current with their gore.

Where'er

XX.

Where'er the stream in smother eddies play'd,
Curdled their blood the mossy stones around.—
Full *Dermid's* heart at length receiv'd the blade;
Graceful he fell, and smiling blest the wound.

XXI.

And dost thou son of *Morny*, fam'd afar,
Thus dost thou fall, by *Oscur's* falchion slain!
Dermid, thou once invincible in war,
Thus do I see the fall'n upon the plain!

XXII.

Quick to the Fair he lov'd the victor hy'd;
But soon his grief alarm'd the tender maid:
Say, son of *Oscian*, why that gloom, she cry'd,
Why o'er thy soul extends that fullen shade?

XXIII.

Though for the bow once famous was my skill,
O maid, that fame I now am forc'd to yield:
Fix'd by the mossy fountain of the hill,
I long in vain have aim'd at yonder shield.

The

XXIV.

The shield was *Gormur's*, whom upon the plain,
 Long try'd in fight, I flew in conflict fierce;
 The day my labours have consum'd in vain,
 Nor yet my arrow can the center pierce.

XXV.

O son of *Oscian* give a maid the bow;
 And *Dargo's* daughter shall the task fulfill:
 My hands were taught the stubborn yew to draw;
 And much my fire delighted in my skill.

XXVI.

Quick to the goal the nimble maid withdrew;
 Behind the mark her lover stood conceal'd:
 Too-surely aim'd the fatal arrow flew,
 And cleft her *Oscur's* bosom through the shield.

XXVII.

Blest be that hand, that virgin hand of snow;
 May bounteous heav'n its every want supply:
 And blest for ever be that friendly bow;—
 I die resolv'd, and undismay'd I die.

And

XXVIII.

And who to slay me, but the lovely maid,
Great *Dargo's* daughter, worthy could be found ?
Let me, my Fair-one, in the earth be laid ;
By *Dermid* lay me, in the hallow'd ground.

XXIX.

Ofcur, the blood of mighty *Dargo's* race
Untainted flows within my every vein :
My soul well-pleas'd the frown of death can face ;
And thus I end my being and my pain.

XXX.

She said, resolv'd on death ; nor added more ;
But to her breast the ready steel apply'd :
Quick from the wound rush'd out the crimson gore ;
She shook, she fell, she trembled, and she dy'd.

XXXI.

In peace they sleep ; their grassy tombs are laid,
Near where the mountain rivulet pours its waves ;
A withering birch supplies a partial shade,
And spreads its scanty foliage o'er their graves.

XXXII.

Oft o'er their earthen tombs of tufted green,
Feeding, the mountains branchy fons are found;
When scorching mid-day all in flames is seen,
And o'er the heath deep Silence reigns around.

FRAGMENT VIII.

I.

BESIDE a rock upon the lonely hill,
 The aged trees' extended arms beneath;
 Where down the mountain flows the murmuring rill,
 Old *Oscian* fate upon the mossy heath.

II.

The last of *Fingal's* noble race:
 Wet are his cheeks; his aged eyes are blind:
 And, silver'd o'er with many a reverend grace,
 His hoary beard is waving in the wind.

III.

Deep through the trees, where blasts for ever howl,
 He heard the voice of the tempestuous north;
 Thoughts of the dead reviv'd within his soul;
 And thus he pour'd his rising sorrows forth.

“ How

IV.

“ How hast thou fall’n, as on its native place
Falls the strong oak, with all thy branches round !
Where now is noble *Fingal’s* faded race ;
Where now my Son for every worth renown’d ?

V.

Where now are all the heroes of my line,
Oft seen refulgent in terrific steel ?
Low, low on earth their humbled heads recline ;
Their lowly tombs with trembling hands I feel.

VI.

I hear, distinct, the river hoarsely roll
Its murmuring surges o’er the stones below.
O river, why within my weeping soul,
Why for the past, dost thou revive my woe !

VII.

The race of *Fingal* on thy banks was seen,
As shoots a wood upon the fertile plain :
Sharp were their swords of steel, their arrows keen ;
And hardy he who durst their shock sustain.

VIII.

Fillan the brave, the beautiful, was there ;
There did my *son* his martial skill display :
There did high *Fingal's* mighty self appear,
Strong in his aged locks of reverend grey.

IX.

His finewy limbs with matchless vigour rose ;
Spread to the view his manly shoulders wide :
His blade dealt fury to presuming foes,
When of his wrath arose the martial pride.

X.

The son of *Mornay* came, prepar'd to kill ;
The tallest he the sons of men among :
Firm as an oak he tower'd upon the hill ;
And as the mountain floods his voice was strong.

XI.

Alone why reigns the son of *Corval* brave ?
That reign, the boaster cries, shall quickly end :
Not *Fingal's* famous arm is strong to save ;
Not *Fingal's* arm, the people to defend.

Strong

XII.

Strong as a storm upon the watry field;
Strong am I, as a whirlwind on the plain:
Yield, son of *Corval*, to my prowess yield;
Yield, *Fingal*, yield, nor tempt mine arm in vain.

XIII.

Oscur my son stood forth, of martial fame,
Pleas'd would my son the boasting foe have met:
But in his strength the mighty *Fingal* came,
And smil'd to hear the vaunter's empty threat.

XIV.

Each others limbs their arms they threw around;
Their struggling heels plough'd deep the furrow'd
plain:
Their bones, loud-cracking, like the boat, resound,
That leaps from wave to wave upon the main.

XV.

Long aged *Fingal* strove with mighty *Gaul*;
With night they fell upon the sounding heath;
As two vast oaks with mingled branches fall,
And crashing shake the trembling plain beneath.

XVI.

Fast is the boastful son of *Mornny* bound;
Supprest, at length, is seen his martial rage;
With conquest *Fingal's* arduous toil is crown'd;
And youth submitted to the arm of age.

XVII.

Fair with her pendent locks of flowing hair,
That o'er her neck diffus'd their wreathy gold;
With rising breasts, as snow new-fallen fair;
Fair as the mountain-spirits to behold:

XVIII.

Fair as the mountain-spirits, when they glide
Along the heath, at mid-day's silent reign;
Fair as the bow in radiant tinctures dy'd,
Minrvane the maid advanc'd upon the plain.

XIX.

Fingal, the softly cry'd, with virgin grace,
Release my brother at a maid's request:
O, quick release the hope of all my race,
Unfear'd alone by *Fingal's* dauntless breast.

XX.

Can I, replies the king, refuse to give

Whate'er the daughter of the hill demands?

O *Minvane*, fair as northern snows, receive,

Receive the boon uninjur'd, at my hands.

XXI.

Such, *Fingal*, were the words I us'd to hear,

But ah! for ever is their author dumb!

No more thy voice shall melt upon mine ear;

While fightless here I sit beside thy tomb.

XXII.

Hoarse through the wood I hear the whirlwind roar;

My friends I hear not, shouting from afar:

The jovial huntsmen's jocund cry is o'er;

Ceas'd is the voice, the clamorous voice of war."

FRAGMENT IX.

I.

THOU askest and I answer thy request,
Fair daughter of the islands of the main :
Thou askest, whose the corse here that rest,
And whose the memory that these tombs retain ?

II.

The memory fair, O maid, of *Ronnan* bold ;
Of *Connan* brave, the chief of mortal race ;
And her of Nymphs the fairest to behold,
Riviné good, adorn'd by every grace.

III.

Lad'n is the hoary wing of time with care,
Enough each moment with it brings of woe :
Why from afar then do we seek despair ;
Why do our tears for former ages flow ?

But

IV.

But thou enquirest here what corpes rest,
 And whose the memory that these tombs retain?
 Thou askest — I will answer thy request,
 Fair daughter of the islands of the main.

V.

Conar was mighty in the hostile field;
 Far known was *Caul*, the needy stranger's friend:
 His gates to all a willing entrance yield;
 No iron bars his midnight doors defend.

VI.

Both fought their food the shaggy hills around,
 Both chas'd the offspring of the mountain hoar;
 And ready still their willing bow was found,
 Their arm still ready, to support the poor.

VII.

High *Conar's* soul in *Connan's* bosom mov'd;
 From *Caul* to *Ronnan* did each worth descend;
Riviné, *Conar's* daughter, *Ronnan* lov'd;
 Her brother *Connan* was that lover's friend.

VIII.

Fair as the harvest-moon that o'er the wave
 Of *Molochasquir* sheds her setting beams;
 Her soul secure was fix'd on *Ronnan* brave,
 The lovely object of her nightly dreams.

IX.

Riviné fair, says *Ronnan*, to my king
 In *Norway* bound, I bid my Love adieu;
 But back my steps a finish'd year shall bring;
 Wilt thou, my fair-one, be to *Ronnan* true?

X.

A year, replies the maid, O *Ronnan* brave,
 Sacred to virgin woe shall slowly roll;
 But, O my *Ronnan*, like a *Man* behave,
 And much thy valour shall rejoice my soul.

XI.

Connan, my friend, departing *Ronnan* said,
 Wilt thou preserve my Love, *Riviné* fair?
 The haughty *Durstan* loves the beauteous maid,
 And to our coast he quickly will repair.

Ronnan,

XII.

Ronnan, no foe shall bear the maid away ;

Do thou securely pass the surges o'er. —

He went ; and punctual kept the promis'd day ;

But *Durstan* came the promis'd day before.

XIII.

Give me thy daughter, haughty *Durstan* cries,

Conar, to me resign the lovely maid :

The daring mortal who my powre defies,

Shall fear, and feel, the vengeance of my blade.

XIV.

Says *Connan*, he who dares my sister harm,

First in the field this edge of steel must try :

Unerring found in battle is mine arm ;

My sword the forked lightning of the sky.

XV.

Ronnan, the warrior and the lover, came ;

Clad were his finewy limbs in armour bright ;

For martial prowess high-renown'd his name ;

And much he threatned *Durstan* in his might.

Euran,

XVI.

Euran, the slave of sordid gold, replies,
By the dark portal of the north, thy Fair
This night shall *Durstan* carry : *Ronnan* cries,
Curst be this arm, or death shall meet him there.

XVII.

Connan, saith *Euran*, in the gloom of night
The stranger shall thy sister bear away :
My sword, says *Connan*, oft approv'd in fight,
Low on the earth his impious head shall lay.

XVIII.

Dim in the night the friends mistaken met,
And, high-impassion'd, join'd the hostile shock :
Swift down their limbs distill'd the blood and sweat,
Like water trickling from the mossy rock.

XIX.

Breathless at last falls *Connan* on the plain,
And cries, O *Durstan*, kindly treat the maid. —
And is it thee, saith *Ronnan*, I have slain !
Doth *Connan*'s blood defile my erring blade ?

With

XX.

With *Durstan* to engage in haste he flies. —

The fullen shades of gloomy night retir'd,
And on the combat day began to rise,
When on the field the combatants expir'd.

XXI.

Swift with the morn came out the anxious maid, —

O, what my *Ronnan* can detain, she cry'd! —
Pale in his blood she saw her lover laid;
And pale her brother lying by his side.

XXII.

What words her various anguish could express?

What hopes of comfort could assuage her pain?
Strong was the raging torrent of distress;
Her tears were many, and her plaints were vain.

XXIII.

Sad for the warriors low on earth repos'd,

This grave she open'd: but her breathless clay
Dropt with her Love and Brother, ere it clos'd;
Snatch'd like the sun by wintry storms away.

Now

XXIV.

Now hast thou heard this plaintive tale of woe,

Fair daughter of the isles, in fairest bloom;

Bright as thyself did once *Riviné* glow:—

O, shed a tear of pity on her tomb.

FRAGMENT X.

I.

DARK is the night, and I am here alone,
 Forlorn upon the stormy mountain drear,
 Doom'd to the winds to make my hapless moan,
 While o'er the hill the raging blast I hear.

II.

Loud roars the torrent down the rocky steep;
 No hut receives me from the driving rain:
 Forlorn upon the hill of winds I weep,
 And to the north exalt my voice in vain.

III.

Bright from thy dusky clouds, O moon, arise;
 Appear, ye starry offspring of the night:
 Direct my feet to where my lover lies,
 O, soon direct me, some propitious light!

IV.

Guide me to where my lovely *Shalgar* low,
Tir'd with the chace, reposes on the ground;
While ne'er him lies unus'd, unstrung, his bow,
And panting near him, many a faithful hound.

V.

But sitting here must I alone deplore,
Plac'd by the rock, the mossy fountain near:
The tumbling stream, and winds tempestuous, roar;
Nor can I yet my lover's accent hear.

VI.

Why does my Love his promis'd time delay!
Here is the roaring stream, the tree, the stone:
Here didst thou vow to be with setting day;
Son of the hill, ah, whither art thou gone!

VII.

Glad would I fly, with thee, my father's face;
My haughty brother would I fly with thee:
Foes unrelenting long have been our race;
But foes, my lovely *Shalgar*, are not *we*.

A moment,

VIII.

A moment, wind, thy noisy rage forbear;
 Awhile, O stream, suspend thy babbling brawl:
 That o'er the heath my wandring Love may hear;—
 O *Shalgar*, hear, —'tis I who fondly call.

IX.

Here is the tree; the lofty rock is here;
 And here am I, my *Shalgar*, and alone:
 Ah, wherefore thus delay'st thou to appear;
 Nor deign'st an answer to my plaintive moan?

X.

Lo, where the moon displays her silver light! —
 Grey on the mount the lofty rocks are seen:
 Wide o'er the vale the sheety flood is bright,
 That fair-extends the rugged hills between.

XI.

But ah, my Love I see not on the plain;
 Nor yet, portending sure his quick return,
 Before him walk his hounds, a drooping train. —
 Here am I fated, and alone, to mourn.

But

XII.

But who are these that on the heath I spy! —
Are they my Love, and brother, that appear?
Speak, O my friends! — alas, no kind reply! —
Shook and tormented is my soul with fear.

XIII.

Scarce can my tottering limbs sustain the fright —
Alas, my heart! too surely they are dead.
Pale is each breathless corse; and from the fight,
Deep-ting'd in gore, their reeking falchions red.

XIV.

Why, O my brother, dar'd thy impious blade,
My *Shalgar's* hallow'd bosom to profane?
O wherefore, wherefore, say, thou sacred shade,
My brother, O my *Shalgar*, hast thou slain?

XV.

Dear were ye both, and lovely, to my breast;
O come, and let us social converse hold: —
But ah, for ever silent do they rest;
Pale are their cheeks, their clayey bosoms cold!

Oh!

XVI.

Oh ! from the rock upon the mountain drear,
Oh ! from the hill where tempests ever howl,
Ghosts of the dead, let me your voices hear ;
Your voices shall not discompose my soul.

XVII.

I sit in grief ; for morn I wait in tears. —
Rear for the dead, ye friends, the decent tomb,
To speak their memory fair to distant years ;
But O ! forbear to close it till I come.

XVIII.

Quick flies my life, as fleets the airy dream ;
Why should I wish my misery to prolong ?
Here shall I, with my friends, beside the stream,
Rest undisturb'd the sounding rocks among.

XIX.

When o'er the hill the gloom of night extends ;
When loud the whirlwind whistles o'er the heath ;
Cold in the wind my ghost shall wail my friends,
A prey untimely to relentless death.

XX.

The lonely hunter from his booth shall hear ;
While lov'd, though dreaded, shall my accent be :
Sweet for my friends my voice shall greet his ear ;
For pleasant were ye both, my friends, to me.

FRAGMENT XI.

I.

SAD are my thoughts, while here I sit alone;
Nor small the cause of woe within my breast:—
O *Kirmor*, thou hast lost no darling son;
No maid torn from thee robs thy soul of rest!

II.

Connar the valiant lives, high-fam'd in fight,
And *Annir* fair, surpassing mortal grace:
Wide spread thy blooming branches to the fight;
But *Armyn* is the last of all his race.

III.

Rage, winds of autumn, o'er the darken'd vale:
Howl thro' the rees, ye tempests; roar, ye streams,
Down the rough hill: moon, shew thy visage pale,
Through broken clouds, in intermitting gleams.

IV.

Bring to my mind the sad, the fatal night,
When all my children fell in beauty's pride ;
When *Arindel*, renown'd for dauntless might, |
When *Daura*, loveliest of the virgins, — died.

V.

Fair, fair, my daughter, did thy beauties glow,
As is the moon on *Jura's* mountains fair ;
White was thy bosom as the driven snow,
And sweet thy fragrance as the vernal air.

VI.

Young *Armor* came, full oft in battle try'd,
And fought the lovely *Daura* to obtain ;
Fond was the youth ; he was not long deny'd ;
And fair the hopes of all their friends remain.

VII.

Earch, Son of *Ogdal*, at the news repin'd ;
He envied *Armor* in his lovely maid :
And secret malice fill'd his groveling mind,
Because his brother fell by *Armor's* blade.

VIII.

The Ocean's son appearing to the sight,
 Fair did his skiff the placid surges plow :
 His locks of age were silver'd o'er with white ;
 And calm and thoughtful seem'd his serious brow.

IX.

Daughter of *Armyn*, virgin fair, he cry'd,
 A rock not distant in the ocean green,
 High-bears a tree, fair-blooming on its side,
 Whose ruddy fruitage from afar is seen.

X.

Awaiting *Daura*, *Armor* there abides :
 I came in haste to fetch his promis'd Fair ;
 The lovely nymph who o'er his soul presides : —
 Come, *Daura*, come, and ease a lover's care.

XI.

She went ; she call'd aloud on *Armor's* name :
 Loud did she call on *Armor's* name, and long :
 But to her call no wish'd-for answer came,
 Save from the Voice that dwells the rocks among.

XH.

Armor, my Love, my Love! why art thou dumb!
Why wilt thou thus torment my soul with fear?
Come, graceful son of *Ardnart*, quickly come;
'Tis *Daura* calls; at *Daura's* call appear.

XIII.

The traitor *Earch* fled laughing to the land. —
Her voice she rais'd, and call'd aloud for aid.
Hear, brother, father, hear me, from the strand:
O *Armyrn*, *Arindel*, relieve your maid.

XIV.

Heard was her voice from o'er the foaming main;
Her brother's soul her cries with anguish fill:
And rough in spoils of many a savage slain,
My son descended from the steepy hill.

XV.

Rattle his arrows fearful by his side;
His nervous arms the ready bow suspend:
And five grey dogs in faithful friendship try'd,
With willing feet, their master's steps attend.

He

XVI.

He saw fierce *Earch* upon the shore, and bound
 The ruthless traitor to a sturdy oak :
 Quick fly the thongs his harrowed limbs around ;
 He loads the wind with groans at every stroke.

XVII.

My son the vessel seiz'd and quickly fled
 To *Daura's* aid : — but fierce a feather'd dart
 From *Armor*, big with wrath, mistaken sped :
 It sung ; and pierc'd, O *Arindel*, thy heart.

XVIII.

Thou diedst for *Earch*, the son of dark deceit :
 The stroke, O *Daura*, how thy tears deplore,
 When curdling red around thy trembling feet,
 Is pour'd profuse thy brother's vital gore !

XIX.

Broke is the boat, the shatter'd boat in twain,
 The waves no longer able to defy.
 Quick plunges *Armor* in the boisterous main,
 Resolv'd to save his *Daura*, or to die.

XX.

Sudden a blast from off the hill was heard,
That swept with rapid wing the surges o'er:
High rose the billows,—*Armor* disappear'd,
And sunk precipitate, to rise no more.

XXI.

Cold on the sea-beat rock the maid alone,
Mournful was heard and dismal to complain:
Loud, loud and frequent was her helpless moan;
A father's wishes to relieve were vain.

XXII.

All night I stood upon the lonely shore;
All night I heard her, weeping, as she cry'd:
High did the voice of bellowing whirlwinds roar,
And strong the tempest beat the mountain's side.

XXIII.

But weak her call was heard, before the Day,
Bright from the east, announc'd his golden reign:
Soft as the evening breeze it dy'd away,
That gently sighs along the tufted plain.

XXIV.

Spent with her grief, the fainting maid expir'd,
Sad sorrow's victim, in her beauty's bloom. —
O lay me soon, in silent earth retir'd,
Beside her lay me, in the silent tomb.

XXV.

When whirlwinds sweep the whistling mountain o'er
When the bleak north lifts up the waves on high
Pensive I sit beside the founding shore,
Aod cast upon the faral rock mine eye.

XXVI.

Oft by the paly moon's departing beam,
My children's wandering, weeping ghosts I see;
While indistinct upon the beach they seem
Sad to unite in mournful sympathy.

XXVII.

Stop, lovely ghosts; your fleeting steps restrain, —
Will none regard your sighing father's prayre? —
But ah! your father's fondest prayre is vain:
My call unheeded, they dissolve in air.

FRAG-

FRAGMENT XII.

RYNO and ALPIN.

RYNO.

I.

THE bluftry winds and beating rain fubfide ;
A gladfome radiance gilds the mid-day fky :
On either hand the broken clouds divide,
And o'er the hill inconfant shadows fly.

II.

Red through the ftony valley pours along
The fream that tumbles from yon mountain drear:
Sweet is its brawl ; but fweeter far the fong
That fteals with dying accent on mine ear.

Alas !

III.

Alas! 'tis pious *Alpin's* plaintive lay,
 That mourns in moving strain the mighty dead:
 Bent is his head of age, his locks are grey,
 His tearful eye with plenteous weeping red.

IV.

Son of the song, ah! wherefore dost thou rove,
 On this bleak hill thy sorrows to deplore;
 Like the hoarse blast that murmurs thro' the grove,
 Or waves that dash upon the lonely shore?

ALPIN.

V.

For him, O *Ryno*, who in youthful bloom
 Lamented fell, unceasing flow my tears:
 But he, the silent tenant of the tomb,
 My sorrow sees not, nor my mourning hears.

VI.

Upon the hill, O *Ryno*, art thou tall,
 And fair among the children of the vale:
 Yet fall thou shalt, — like *Morar* shalt thou fall,
 And o'er thy tomb the lonely mourner wail.

No

VII.

No more, obedient to the early call,
Shalt thou ascend the shaggy mountain's brow,
But bend to earth; and in the vacant hall,
Shall lie neglected, and unstrung, thy bow.

VIII.

Swift waft thou, *Morar*, as the mountain-roe;
To thee the meteor's fiery blaze might yield:
Thy wrath surpass'd the loudest storms that blow;
Thy sword beam'd lightning o'er the hostile field.

IX.

Thy voice was like a torrent swell'd with rain;
Like thunder's roar, when distant clouds engage:
Unequall'd numbers by thine arm were slain,
And felt the force of thy resistless rage.

X.

But when returning from the sanguine fight,
How peaceful was thy brow for ever seen:
So sweetly shines the glorious orb of light,
The storm once past, all chearful and serene.

XI.

Calm as the moon in silence of the night,
 Appear'd his cheek, in manly beauty drest;
 Smooth as the lake that dies upon the sight,
 When not a zephyr wantons on its breast.

XII.

Small is the space thy mouldering members crave,
 Dark, dark and dreary is thy lone retreat:
 With three small steps I measure o'er thy grave,
 O thou, who lately seem'dst for earth too great.

XIII.

Four moss-grown stones in order uncouth plac'd;
 The tufted grass thro' which the west-wind sighs;
 A lonely tree with scanty foliage grac'd;
 Just speak the spot where mighty *Morar* lies.

XIV.

Low, low, indeed, O *Morar*, art thou laid;
 Yet thee no mother, nor no maiden weeps:
 The dame who bare thee rests among the dead;
 Down in the dust great *Morglan's* daughter sleeps.

— Who

XV.

— Who, who is he, whose step a staff sustains;
Whose hoary head is silver'd o'er with years;
Whose joints are shook with paralytic pains;
Whose red-swol'n eye is fill'd with gushing tears?

XVI.

O *Morar*, 'tis thy father, thine alone;
No second birth his partial nuptials crown'd:
He heard thy fame, he heard of battles won,
Ah! wherefore heard not of thy deathful wound?

XVII.

Weep, wretched father; yet 'tis fond to weep;
O'er the cold clay 'tis fruitless to repine,
Slow is the ear of death; their slumbers deep;
And low their pillow, who on dust recline.

XVIII.

No more thy voice, obedient, shall he hear;
Deaf is the son to all the father's cries.
When shall the day-spring in the grave appear,
And bid the drowsy slumberer arise?

Adieu;

XIX.

Adieu, thou bravest, best of men, adieu,

Whose presence fill'd the battle with amaze :

Thine arm no more the wondering war shall view,

Nor dark wood brighten with thy falchion's blaze.

XX.

No son hast thou to propagate thy name ;

Yet shall the song, to distant ages dear,

Thy worth emblazen on the rolls of fame,

And latest times lament thee with a tear.

*FRAGMENT XIII.

I.

COLLECT the earth and pile the stones on high;
Fear-combraic's memory from oblivion save
 Blow from your hills, ye winds that softly sigh,
 And breathe your tenderest plaints o'er *Muirnin's*
 grave.

Yon rocky steep, o'erhung with waving wood,
 Shades the calm dwelling of the peaceful dead;
 Meantime, below, the ever-restless flood
 With solemn murmur fluctuates near their bed:
 Why sigh the woods, why do the sad waves roar?
 Small cause have sighing woods, or sad waves to deplore.

II.

But thou hast cause, *Diorma*, lovely Fair,
 Meek maiden of the breast of lucid snow!
 Give to the winds thy flowing length of hair,
 And on the breezes send thy warbled woe.

* From the SECOND EDITION.

Thy

Thy lovers vanish'd like two beams of light,
 Snatch'd from the heath by intervening storms;
 Or like two stars that perish from the fight,
 When the fierce northwind heaven's fair blue
 deforms.

Low in the dust the mighty pair is laid,
 While o'er their reliques dear, mourns many a lovelorn
 maid. III.

Fear-combraic, thee a band of females weep,
 The hills re-echoing to their mournful strains:
Muirnin, for thee their voice in tears they steep;
Muirnin, the chief of *Erin's* bloody plains.

Mine eyes *Fear-combraic* shall behold no more
 Pacing with nimble speed the mountain's side;
 Or with amazement from the stormy shore,
 View dauntless *Muirnin* stem the swelling tide.
 Pour the sad song; the doleful tale relate;
 That future eyes may read, and weep the heroes' fate.

IV.

Diorma from illustrious *Connaid* sprung,
Connaid, the sovereign of a thousand shields:
Diorma shone amidst the virgin throng,
 As reigns the lily fairest in the fields.

Fair rose her bosom as a fleecy cloud,

Fair as the white wave when the storm is high;
Like wreathed smoke her copious tresses flow'd,

Nor could the morning star eclipse her eye:

Between two clouds not comelier shews the moon,
Than from between thy locks thy face, *Diorma*, shone.

V.

A thousand heroes woo'd the maid in vain,

All offers, but *Fear-combraic's*, she declin'd:

He lov'd the maid: — who could from love refrain?

Diorma was the flowre of womankind.

What terror would he shun if she were by,

His shield in danger and his strength in war?

Who dares, he cries, who dares this arm defy?

Who dares with me to combat for the Fair?

The beauteous prize who shall refuse to yield,

Hard must his helm be prov'd, and strong his iron
shield.

VI.

I claim *Diorma*, mighty *Muirnin* said,

Muirnin with thee will for the Fair contend;

My spear is strong, and keen my trusty blade,

And oft mine arm hath made the valiant bend.—

Then

Then rise, great *Cormac's* son, and leave behind
 Thy native shore; leave *Erin's* blushing plain:
 Unfurl the spreading canvass to the wind,
 And guide thy vessel o'er the yielding main.
 He comes; — like mist the whitening sails appear,
 The bloody moon, his shield, and tall his ashen spear.

VII.

Aoden came: dark was his lowering brow:
 Arise, he cry'd, *Diorma's* Love, arise;
 Fight, fight, or yield *Diorma* to the foe: —
 He rose, like clouds amidst autumnal skies:
Muirnin, thy limbs are large, thy stature high,
 Thine arm is finewy, and thy cheeks are fair:
 But pause awhile. — Send round the shell of joy,
 The deer swift-footed slay, the feast prepare:
 Three days in glad festivity we spend,
 And on the fourth, for Her, the lovely prize, contend.--

VIII.

Persuade me not to sheath the shining blade;
 Hither to fight *Combfeadan's* son I came:
 Yield, son of battle, yield the lovely maid,
 And o'er the heights of *Erin* raise my fame.

Muirnin, can I resign so great a prize?

No: let our prowess for the Fair be try'd.

If by thine arm *Fear-combraic* haply dies,

Place in the tomb my bright sword by my side.

Here fight we, *Muirnin*, by the noisy brook;

Lift, lift thy trusty steel, and meditate the stroke.

IX.

Fierce was the onset of the fatal fray,

From mail to mail Death, dreadful, seems to bound:

Their swords descend, their brazen helmets bray,

And sparkling shivers fly, and shields resound:

From rock to rock as some huge fragment flies,

So blows to blows with mutual force succeed;

Their nostrils pant, fire flashes from their eyes,

Desperate they leap, they thrust, they wound,
they bleed.

Slow and more slow now *Muirnin's* blade descends;

He sinks, his armour rings, and low to earth he bends.

X.

Does *Muirnin* fall, the fearless and the brave,

Whom for their Chief a thousand warriors boast?

Stretch wide the sail, ascend the briny wave,

And waft the hero to his native coast.

On *Erin's* heights the virgin sigh is deep;

For thee I mourn; for thee laments a foe:

Rise, rise ye winds, and down the hilly steep

O'er *Muirnin's* grave in plaintive murmurs blow.

And thou, *Diorma*, for the youth deplore,

Seem like the sun in rain, and weep along the shore.

XI.

Aodan saw the son of *Cormac* dead;

Then to revenge his fall his bow he bent;

The bow-string twang'd, the grey-wing'd arrow sped,

And in *Fear-combraic's* heart its force was spent.

Where, gloomy youth, where was the sword of war,

Smiling in pain the bleeding warrior cries;

Where was the valour of thy conquering spear,

When by the treacherous shaft *Fear-combraic* dies;

Raise thou our tombs beneath yon rocky steep,

There will I with the Chief of *Innisballin* sleep. —

XII.

Ah! who is she, her breasts like wreaths of snow,

Who like a sun-beam in a storm appears?

'Tis *Connaid's* daughter, beautiful in woe;

Loose flow her locks; her blue eyes roll in tears:

Along

Along the heath her liberal garments fail.

Daughter of grief, *Diorma*, penfive maid!

Thy lover lies, his youthful cheek all pale;

The steely prowess from his arm is fled. —

He fell, he vanish'd as a stream of light;

Nor sooths thy voice his ear, nor charms thy smile
his fight.



T H E E N D.

